


AN ANALYSIS OF THE USE OF RADIO
IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

GRACE de CASTERLINE



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IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

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by
Grace de Casterline

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CHAPTER I

THE PURPOSE OF THE STUDY

In the pioneer spirit of American protestantism, the religious education movement was born. As it grew, it took unto itself the enthusiasm for childhood which the Sunday school and the public school fostered, and to this added the insights and techniques of the new experimental psychology.¹

With the new hope that human nature might actually be understood and mastered, the old idea of the sovereignty of God had to move over to make room for the new idea of the responsibility of man. The church came to accept the fact that religion could be taught as well as caught. As a matter of fact, the International Council of Religious Education uses the word "curriculum" in connection with its emphasis on the five avenues of Christian growth--worship, study, fellowship, service, and personal commitment to Jesus and his cause.

Any new enterprise calls for tools with which to carry on the work, and in the case of religious education, the tools have been sometimes sharp, but oftentimes dull and of little real value. For the most part these tools have been kept safely locked within the sanctity of the church building,

¹ Nevin C. Harner, The Educational Work of the Church (Abington-Cokesbury Press, 1939), pp. 13-15.

polished and ready for the freshly scrubbed hands of the Sunday school children. Religious education has been largely a "meeting house" affair.

All this recent emphasis has been good as far as it has been developed. The new gadgets have their place. We need them, and many more. Happy the church that is able to boast of trained teachers for the different age groups, up-to-the-minute lesson materials, extracurricular activities, a director of Christian education, and other signs of progress. However, except in rare instances the local church has failed to make use of one of the most effective tools at its command, namely, radio. Religious educators are now being aroused to the fact that radio has a definite place to fill in rounding out an effective church program.

I. THE PURPOSE

Statement of the purpose. This study has been made (1) because of the conviction that religious education needs to take its place on the sending as well as the receiving end of radio; (2) to show that the church should put forth every effort to raise the standards of religious broadcasting; (3) to point out that radio in its many forms offers tremendous possibilities for giving the message of the religion of Jesus to great multitudes of people; (4) to present the possibilities for vitalizing and enriching the local church

activities through radio drama.

Importance of the study. It is time the church crawled out from behind its four walls and awakened to the fact that its ministry should be largely to those outside its own select group, that its real function is to teach people how to live in a world of human relationships. It is not so much a question of what can be done to keep our organizations alive as a question of what service can be rendered to humanity through the church organizations.

People crave good things, but failing to get the good, they accept cheap substitutes and eventually form a taste for the sensational and the vulgar. This is so true in the field of radio. Many Christian people deplore the radio presentation of "soap operas," the "blood and thunder" children's programs, and the "jam session" music, which constitute a large part of radio production. Not that there are few good programs on the air, for there are many excellent ones for family listening and for all ages, but there should be many, many more. Much of the free time on local radio stations is wasted because wise and trained use of it is not being made. What an opportunity for the church to do something really significant in the field of religious broadcasting.

It cannot be too fully stressed that if radio is to be of value to the Christian education movement, the programs

must of necessity have ear appeal and be of such interest as to make the listener ask for more. "A survey taken in Iowa in 1943 showed religious programs next to last in listening interest among sixteen program types listed." The reason is all too clear. Much that comes over the air in the name of religion is not only stupid, but positively detrimental to the cause it represents. Small wonder that little Johnny says, "Mama, turn it off quick--that man's preaching again." It is important that religious programs make use of all the new techniques that have been so successful in other types of broadcasts: the round table, the forum, the quiz program, the use of drama, and the use of good music.

It would be well for local churches to begin now to offer special study opportunities for young people and adults in the various phases of radio. The radio workshop idea is beginning to take hold of the church, and at the present time plans for summer training courses in radio for ministers, religious educators, and other church leaders have been announced by Reverend Everett C. Parker, Director of the Joint Radio Committee of the Congregational, Christian, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches. The committee will sponsor radio workshops at the University of Chicago, and in cooperation with NBC, summer radio institutes will be held at Northwestern University, University of California, and Stanford University.

Each member of the workshop will have the opportunity to study program planning and development and to write and produce programs under expert guidance. This new development leads to the belief that at last the field of religious radio is beginning to assume its rightful place on the air waves.

II. ORGANIZATION OF REMAINDER OF THESIS

The next three chapters of the thesis deal with (1) a review of the current religious broadcasts, (2) the techniques of religious broadcasting, (3) the historical background of religious drama as it applies to radio dramatic production. The five chapters following are an attempt to present various phases of the church's program through radio scripts written for religious broadcasts. The final chapter is a statement on the future of religious radio as it enters the field of television and looks ahead to new avenues of influence.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF CURRENT RELIGIOUS BROADCASTING

I. CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

In studying radio as a medium for Christian education, we naturally think first of the children and what is being done to give them programs with a religious emphasis on their own level. An answer to a letter written to Reverend Everett C. Parker, Director of the Department of Radio of the Congregational, Christian, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches, revealed this startling fact: "So far as I know the only religious education work for children which is now on the air is the program of the Maine Council of Churches and 'All Aboard for Adventure,' a recorded children's program which is sponsored by my committee." What a challenge for the many directors of children's work! What an opportunity to do something truly constructive in the field of religious radio!

"All Aboard for Adventure" is a novel program for boys and girls nine to fourteen years old. These are the youngsters who are eager for adventure, who must have heroes to worship and emulate. "All Aboard for Adventure" introduces them to an intrepid band of adventures as bold, as daring, as courageous, as worthy of hero worship as any knight errant who has ever stirred youthful imaginations. It brings stories of missionarie

and other Christians who are doing the work of the Kingdom of God on the far-flung frontiers of the world. "All Aboard for Adventure" is about real people whose achievements are as exciting as the sensational escapades of a Superman or a Dick Tracy.

A recent article in the Christian Advocate states that Miss Pearl Rosser, new director of the Department of Radio Education for the International Council of Religious Education, would like to begin radio programs for children consisting of Bible narratives dramatically portrayed and stories demonstrating Christian character. In Miss Rosser's opinion, it would be a good idea to permeate popular radio programs with religious implications.¹

II. YOUTH AND RELIGIOUS RADIO

Where the church proper has been hesitant in departing from the old, time-beaten paths, the church colleges and universities have put the tools into the hands of Christian youth and thus allowed them to blaze their own trails in religious radio.

A recent inquiry into the use of radio in Methodist colleges revealed that students and faculty are working to

¹ Adeline Johnson, "How Radio and Television Serve Christian Education," Christian Advocate, October 18, 1945.

lift the level of radio entertainment. All of the colleges with regular radio time are giving religious programs. Iowa Wesleyan has a chapel hour, dedicated to the churches in the state. Duke University broadcasts regularly from its famed chapel. Ohio Wesleyan University presents dramatic skits of a religious nature. Programs of participating colleges are carried with some regularity over approximately thirty-five commercial stations.

How much colleges have contributed in the first quarter century of radio cannot be measured accurately. What the use of still untapped resources may mean to religious radio will be a challenging chapter for the golden anniversary of radio in 1970.

III. NETWORK PROGRAMS

NBC. NBC has currently on the air four religious programs. "The National Radio Pulpit" is heard each Sunday morning and is presented by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. "The Eternal Light," also heard on Sunday, is under the auspices of the Jewish Theological Seminary. This program presents a dramatization of the lives of Jewish leaders and the traditions of their faith. The Catholic faith is represented by the "Catholic Hour" heard each Sunday under the National Council of Catholic Men. "Hymns of All Churches" consists of hymns of all faiths interspersed with the reading

of poetry. In addition to these, NBC presents a program during the winter which is called "Religion in the News." This is conducted by Dr. Walter Van Kirk, who gives a commentary on news items of interest to all faiths. During the summer months this program becomes the "Art of Living"--talks on the meaning of faith.

CBS. The Columbia Broadcasting System features "Light of the World," a dramatization of Bible stories in chronological order; "Church of the Air," conducted by representatives of the major faiths; "Wings over Jordan," a program of inspiring negro spirituals, sung by a thirty-voice choir; and "Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ," which features some of the best choral music on the air.

The Blue Network. The Blue Network has "Message of Israel"; "Southernaires," the famous negro quartet; "Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.," homey stories of everyday life; and "National Vespers" with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, presented in cooperation with the Federal Council of Churches.

WLS. One large station, WLS in Chicago, has maintained at its own expense a full-time religious department since 1925. During all these years it has been in charge of Dr. John W. Holland, who for twenty years has broadcast two daily features, "Morning Devotions" and "Dinnerbell," and a regular service on

Sundays, "The Little Brown Church." These features have thousands of regular listeners. Sometimes they are just talks by Dr. Holland; sometimes other types of programs are introduced.²

Victorious Living. Then there is "Victorious Living," a five-minute transcribed program six days a week, based upon true life incidents in which the gospel of Jesus is a deciding force, narrated and arranged by Reverend Jerry Walker, Director of Radio Productions of the International Council of Religious Education.

On January 2, 1940, "Victorious Living" went on the air in twenty-four communities, sponsored by local ministerial associations, alliances, or councils of churches. Local radio stations made available free of charge their facilities for broadcasting, and gave full cooperation to the program.

By July 25, 1945, one hundred and one communities sponsored the series in thirty states and one province of Canada.

More than 25,000 requests for the free gift offer of a copy of Sallman's "Head of Christ" were received, indicating a listening audience of between seven to ten million.³

² Margaret Frakes, "The Use of Radio by the Church," Highroad, September, 1944.

³ Jerry Walker, "Victorious Living," (Department of Radio Education, The International Council of Religious Education, Chicago, Illinois).

The above review has not taken into consideration the many local religious programs, whose standards have not been high enough to merit a strong listening audience. The field is wide open for the adventurer in religious education who is willing to study and apply all the techniques for successful religious broadcasting.

CHAPTER III

TECHNIQUES OF RELIGIOUS BROADCASTING

I. BASIC PLANNING

For every successful fifteen-minute radio program, there have been hours of painstaking effort invested in basic planning, program construction, administration, and consideration of all the techniques for an effective presentation.

There is danger ahead when a church group suddenly awakens to the great religious potentialities of radio and determines to take advantage of them as quickly and as cheaply as possible. This attitude has resulted in criticism of both religion and the radio industry. There is a high price to be paid for quality programs--a price not counted in dollars and cents, but in effort and ability. On the whole, the radio industry is only too happy to give its services without compensation for religious broadcasts. Such program time is counted as a public service to the listener. It is for the radio committee to match this gift of radio time with the very best in broadcast material. One should be certain to have something definite and constructive to offer before making contact with a station for radio program time.

Value of a committee. The big job is to sell the churches of the community on the use of radio. For the person

taking the initiative, the most effective method is to call together a representative committee of the various churches. He should then present the committee with the need for Christian radio programs and suggest that constructive action be taken. Before action is taken, however, it is well to consider the intended purpose in broadcasting.

Determining ends. An effective program is always a purposeful program. It is, therefore, for the committee to decide whether the program is to be a service to regular church members, to nonmembers, to children, or to youth. If the program is to be directed to church members, is it to be a counseling program, an educational program, or a devotional program? If directed to nonchurchgoers, is the design to interest them in religion, to get them to church, or to have them bring their children to Sunday school?

In any case, a single purpose--the one most pressing for the particular situation--should be chosen. After this decision has been made, the next steps are to develop a tentative program and to visit the radio station.

Station contact. It is important to remember that the program director is not being asked for time on the air, but rather to be offered a service to his listeners. He will be happy to help in putting the committee's idea into operation if he can be shown that the idea is good and that the committee

is prepared to follow through with the work necessary to sustain quality throughout the series.

II. PROGRAM PLANNING

Program formats or outlines resolve into four general classifications:

1. The most obvious is the talk. It is only as wide in range as a single voice can make it.

2. The dialogue form is the name applied to the group which includes the interview, round table, forum or panel discussion, and quiz show. This type readily lends itself to the new emphasis on religious news where outstanding persons who may be passing through town are included for brief interviews.

3. Next is the drama classification with its tremendous appeal to all age groups.

4. The last medium available to the religious broadcaster is music. Some of the best known and most loved religious programs on the air today are made up primarily of music.

Program personnel. The program outline is brought to life by the content of the script and the participants in the broadcast. For participants other than well-known figures, it will be well to audition voices before going to work on scripts.

Program scripts. A script must live and breathe the language of the average listener. A good plan is always to remember in script writing that mental pictures are being formed. Listeners think in images, and cold factual statements tend to discourage listening.

There are a few proved principles that could well be considered in all scripts that are written for local use.

1. Start the program off with an attention-getter! Have your audience with you from the very moment the program opens. Save the listings of participants, announcements, et cetera, for the end of the broadcast.

2. Use the significant and the authentic. In a religious broadcast it is most disheartening to hear a long line of trivia.

3. In a forum, round table, or drama, build conflict. Conflict means suspense, and suspense means that the attention of the audience is held.

A positive picture of religion. The religious broadcaster will do well never to give a negative picture of the great movement he represents. To the average nonchurch-going radio listener, a minister, for example, represents all the churches of the community. For this reason a minister who denounces other denominations while on the air denounces, in effect, the church as a whole, including himself and the church

he represents.

In the code of the National Association of Broadcasters, this constructive statement on religious broadcasts is found:

Radio, which reaches men of all creeds, and races simultaneously, may not be used to convey attacks upon another race or religion. Rather it should be the purpose of the religious broadcast to promote the spiritual harmony and understanding of mankind and to administer broadly to the varied religious needs of the community.

III. RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS

A religious broadcaster has a right to:

1. A prebroadcast check by an announcer or producer.
2. A supervised rehearsal if the program is of such nature that a rehearsal is deemed necessary.
3. Use of station equipment at the time arranged with the program department for the purpose of holding auditions for talent to appear on the program.
4. Proper handling of equipment, which means attentiveness at all times on the part of engineers, producers, and announcers.

5. Music, when needed. Most stations have an ample supply of semiclassical and sacred recordings, which are available for programs.

A religious broadcaster is under obligation to:

1. Give ample preparation to the program in order that a complete script may be sent to the studio at least

forty-eight hours in advance of the scheduled broadcast.

2. Be on time. This does not mean breezing in out of breath at the last minute.

3. Know the material from careful rehearsal.

4. Request all record music in advance.

5. Have the script accurately timed.

The successful religious broadcasting committee is the one which studies radio and at the same time knows religion. It discovers where religion and radio meet on common ground and utilizes radio technique to its greatest advantage in putting across worth-while religious content.¹

¹ The material for this chapter was selected from: E. Jerry Walker, "A Guide to Those Who Prepare and Present Religious Programs," A Manual of Techniques. (National Association of Broadcasters, 1760 North Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.)

CHAPTER IV

HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS DRAMA

The present day interest in radio drama as a means of interpreting religion in terms of life is no new, untried fad. Its roots go down deep, to the very beginnings of religion and drama, back to the early days when the study of human personality through the medium of the actor was a study always in religious terms. From this early warm relationship between religion and drama, down through the years when the Christian turned a cold shoulder on all acting as an instrument of satan, and on down to our recent revival of religious drama, is a fascinating cycle.

I. RELIGION AND DRAMA IN ANCIENT GREECE

The Greeks in their emphasis on the beautiful adjusted art and life to a perfect balance. Man, thought to be God-like, was left free to create and to express his spiritual impulses. And therefore drama in Greece was inextricably bound up with religious feeling and religious observance. It was a religion of life, companionable, and seldom rule-making. There was very little conformance, but much celebration and ceremonial.

The activities of the Greek temple of Dionysus in the fifth century before Christ represented the greatest experiment

in adult religious education which the world has ever seen. Here an audience of as many as 20,000 Athenians would gather in the great amphitheatre for six days in succession to witness the production of twenty-five or thirty plays--all given as a means of cultivating the spiritual and ethical life. The state sponsored these dramatic contests and regarded them as of such importance that during the production all business was abandoned; the law courts closed, and oftentimes prisoners were released from jail that they might profit by the spiritual stimulus of the play.

These plays grew out of the dances and songs in honor of Dionysus, the God of wine and vegetation. As time went on, these plays developed into something more than an act of worship to a god, but they continued to be performed in the temple and they did not lose their religious significance. They were acted during the season of the year regarded by the Greeks as most sacred. And so it is in ancient Greece that we have our first example of religion and drama working hand in hand.

II. EGYPT

In a document estimated to date from 2000 B. C., we have a description of a ceremony which centered around Osiris, the chief Egyptian God. Osiris was the central figure of a "Passion Play" whose purpose was exactly that of the famous

Ober-Ammergan and Tyrolean Passion Plays of today; that is, they all sought to keep alive the memories of the suffering and eventual triumph of a god. In the Egyptian play Osiris, after years of wise ruling, was treacherously murdered, and his body cut in pieces and scattered to the four winds. But his faithful wife, Isis, and her son avenged the murder, gathered the broken pieces of body together, won back the throne, and established the cult of Osiris worship. The sufferings and death of Osiris and his triumphant resurrection became an annual event witnessed by thousands of Egyptian believers.¹

III. DECLINE UNDER ROME

When Rome conquered Greece, the drama was torn from its original religious foundations. The Romans cared little for the struggle of the soul or an interpretation of the deeper mysteries of life. They wanted a drama that would entertain, arouse passion, and provide thrills. And so the thousands who thronged the amphitheatres were there not to worship, or to think. They had come to see wild animals turned loose upon helpless prisoners, to see Christian martyrs lighted as torches around the theatre. The early Christians naturally did not delight in this sort of spectacle, and therefore when the Christian

¹ Sheldon Cheney, The Theatre (New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1943), p. 24.

religion gained prestige in Rome, one of its first official acts was to put its foot upon the theatre and crush it. Shortly after his conversion to Christianity, Tertullian wrote a treatise, "Of Public Shows." This pious work not only pictured graphically the iniquities of the Roman stage of his time, but also set forth the means by which the Christian church was to strangle the drama and prevent its rebirth for 800 years. This weapon was fear, fear of the terrors of all the devils of hell for those who disregarded the church and its decrees.

It is interesting to note, however, that Arius, a famous churchman of the fourth century, worked out a plan for a Christian theatre to combat and take the place of the lewd ones of the pagan Romans. Nothing tangible resulted from this effort, perhaps because Arius was for a time excommunicated for his heretical doctrinal views. The Roman theatre persisted through the fifth and into the sixth century, A. D., then died in the struggle with the increasingly powerful church.

IV. REBIRTH OF DRAMA IN CHURCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES

It might be said that the orthodox beginnings of the Christian drama were in the tenth century when priests in a Catholic church conceived the idea of inserting into the Mass a song with words apportioned to two or more singers or chanters. Their aim was to make clear to the unlearned the meaning of the Mass. The custom spread and became a great aid to

understanding. On special occasions a whole acted episode would be introduced in the form of dialogue between priests representing different characters. Thus drama was born anew within the church.

Passion plays dealing with the life of Christ were enacted in the chancel. The people understood and asked for more, thus giving rise to the mystery and miracle plays enacted on an outdoor stage at the entrance to the church. Crowds watched in reverence while a whole cycle of plays, anywhere from fifteen to fifty, was presented. They were all episodes of one great story--the story of God's revelation to the human race as told in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Guilds of laymen did most of the acting, and they felt free to interpret the Bible with much of their own vivid imaginative material mixed in.²

A typical medieval stage would consist of a plain wooden platform with two stories, one for dressing room and the other for action. At one end of the stage would be the pearly gates of heaven, and at the other the flaming mouth of hell. As the play came to a close, all the good actors would enter the pearly gates of heaven, and all the bad characters would go into the jaws of hell--very crude, we might say. But for all of its naiveté, it was a demonstration of religion and drama

² Fred Eastman, Lois Wilson, Drama in the Church (New York: Samuel French, Inc.), pp. 10-12.

working together to make life more meaningful.

V. DECLINE IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The years went on and the serious religious drama of the altar and the cathedral porch began to take on secular aspects, causing the clergy to grow suspicious of its popularity and afraid of its new vividness and humor. Just how did it come about that religion and drama, which were so happy together in the fourteenth century, should be quarreling so bitterly in the seventeenth? The answer is not easy, but an old legend throws some light upon it.

According to the legend Punch and Judy is a contraction of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. And this is the way the contraction came about. Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot were two great tragic personalities which appeared in all the old mystery cycles, when they were presented on the queer stage in the entrance to the churches. But in time someone thought of putting that stage on wheels and rolling it out to other parts of the city. That made the first pageant. Now when the plays were taken out over the city on these rolling platforms they drew crowds. The innkeepers saw these crowds and realized that here was a chance for business. So it is not difficult to imagine them appealing to the actors to present their plays in the courtyard of the inn in exchange for free food and drink. But the audiences here were different from the audiences about the church. The crowds about the inn had come for amusement and hilarity. They were a great deal more interested in the characters who went into the flaming jaws of hell at the end of the play than in those who went through the pearly gates of heaven. In the course of a century or more these great tragic characters Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot had introduced buffoonery into their parts making them comic rather than tragic. And then in the course of further years they became mere puppets--Punch and Judy.³

³ Fred Eastman, Lois Wilson, Drama in the Church (New York: Samuel French, Inc.), pp. 13-14.

So runs the legend. It may not be altogether historical. But it is true that drama of Medieval England lost its religious significance and became a thing of questionable value and decency in spite of such men as Marlowe and Shakespeare. Religion, on the other hand, lost its appreciation of the dramatic struggle of life, became cold, and went about kicking wickedness out of high places and beauty and pleasure out of church life.

VI. THE PURITANS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

England cried out against dramatic art in a manner such as had scarcely ever been hinted at by the scandalized Tertullian back in Roman times. Had not the devil himself invented it and given it to the pagans? Had not these pagans passed the evil on to the papists who allowed it in the House of God? As early as 1582 Stephen Gassan preached as follows:

The beholding of troubles and miserable laughters that are in tragedies, drive us to immoderate sorrow, heaviness, womanish weeping and mourning; whereby we become lovers of dumps, and lamentations. Comedies so tickle our senses with a pleasanter vein, that they make us lovers of laughter, and pleasure, both foes to temperance.⁴

And in 1577 John Northbroke wrote:

The theatre hath stricken such a blind zeal into the hearts of the people, that they shame not to say, and affirm openly, that plays are as good as sermons, and

⁴ Sheldon Cheney, The Theatre (New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1943), pp. 286-7.

that they learn as much or more at a play than they do at God's word preached. Many can tarry at a vain play two or three hours, whereas they will not abide scarce one hour at a sermon.⁵

Much of the bitterness of the church against the drama was due to opposing groups within the church itself, a fact still in evidence today. One group has looked upon religion as an other-world concern--a means of escape from mundane affairs of this life. To this group drama has no place in the program of the church. Others, who today as in the past find in religion a transforming power for the battles of life, see in dramatic expression an avenue of escape from the old dogmatic forms into something alive and dynamic.

History is repeating itself, and there is an amazing new interest in all forms of dramatic productions in our churches. Radio drama is one of these forms, and perhaps for our day the most significant because of its far reaching influence. Dean Inge of England has said that in our generation it may take a great dramatist to help us find our souls. In the midst of the chaos of conquest-mad civilization, our churches are seeking again the roads to rich, spiritual inundation, to the experience of God. Dionysus is immortal, and the art of religious drama lives again in our midst.

⁵ Ibid., p. 287.

CHAPTER V

PRESENTING THE BIBLE THROUGH RADIO DRAMA

Dramatized versions of Bible stories will always command large radio audiences. These stories, while superbly told in the original text, must be reorganized before they can be transferred to radio. The fact that so many of them are intensely dramatic as they stand is a great convenience to the writer who attempts to adapt them for religious broadcasts.

Naturally, in using Biblical material, the question of selection arises. How much of the original should be kept and how much can be discarded? How far may the adapter go in his arranging of the work of the original writer? May he invent new scenes and new characters? May he supply a conclusion when there is none in the story--as for example, in the charmingly fabulous tale of Jonah?

Max Wylie in his book, Radio Writing, says:

The adapter may do anything with any piece, whether poetry, prose, or drama, which truthfully translates to radio the import, the flavor, and the purpose of the original in its fullest possible integrity. All that any adaptation actually is is a transplantation from one medium to another of a series of sympathies and antipathies already established in the original. These sympathies and these antipathies are sacred, and they belong to the first writer.¹

¹ Max Wylie, Radio Writing (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1939), p. 178.

A sincere study of the Bible in the light of historical criticism is perhaps the best foundation for the writer of Biblical scripts in order to live in the atmosphere of the Bible, to feel its humanness, and to know why such a story was written and for what sort of people. Our Bible is not something apart from this world--not the mysterious gift of a heavenly donor. It has come out of the lives of men with all of their hopes and fears, struggles and defeats, their search for God and fellowship with Him. It is the most human of books. "Prick it anywhere and it will bleed." It is to be hoped that we can preserve its human characteristics as we seek to make it live through radio drama.

THE CONTEST ON MOUNT CARMEL

MUSIC: UP AND OUT--FROM MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH"

NARRATOR: Our Old Testament is rich in its store of old legends that grew up around the lives of the early religious leaders of the Hebrew people. The prophet Elijah is one of the most dramatic of these characters, and so we bring you one scene from the great and moving drama of his spectacular career, "The Contest on Mount Carmel."

MUSIC: UP AND OUT--"ELIJAH"

NARRATOR: Ahab, King of Israel, had departed from Jehovah. He had tolerated the worship of many pagan gods. Moreover, he had married Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Tyre. Jezebel brought with her to Israel the cult of the heathen god Baal, so that the prophets of Baal were living at the king's court. And then--one day without warning there appeared at the court of Ahab the King, a prophet of the true God--Elijah, called the Tishbite. No man brought him in. Solitary and alone he stood before the king and said--

ELIJAH: (FILTER MIKE)

As surely as Jehovah, God of Israel, liveth,
there shall not be in these years dew or rain
except according to my word.

NARRATOR: Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

AHAB: Obadiah! Obadiah! My servant, come quickly.

OBADIAH: What is it, my lord?

AHAB: This drought! I can't bear it any longer. My
horses--my cattle are dying. The people are
starving.

OBADIAH: Yes, my lord. It has been three years since--

AHAB: I know what you're going to say. Three years
since that prophet Elijah appeared before me and
pronounced a curse upon the land. Obadiah?

OBADIAH: Yes?

AHAB: You know how hard I have tried to find this
prophet, so that I might have him put to death.
Are you sure that you haven't seen him?

OBADIAH: Oh, no, sir. I have not seen him.

- AHAB: We must have water and grass. We must go and find it for our herds.
- OBADIAH: What do you mean to do?
- AHAB: You, Obadiah, go in one direction. I shall go in another. Hunt for springs--for water holes--for grass. By chance one of us may find enough to save the lives of our beasts.
- NARRATOR: So they divided the land between them, and Ahab went one way by himself, and Obadiah went another way by himself. And as Obadiah was on the way, behold, the prophet Elijah met him. Obadiah knew him, and he fell on his face before Elijah.
- OBADIAH: Are you my lord, Elijah?
- ELIJAH: I am. Now go--tell King Ahab that Elijah is here.
- OBADIAH: What sin have I done that you should send me to Ahab for him to kill me?
- ELIJAH: Why should you fear Ahab?
- OBADIAH: You know, don't you, that Ahab has sought far and wide for you--to kill you?
- ELIJAH: Yes, I know.

OBADIAH: And now you say--go, tell the king Elijah is here!

ELIJAH: I want you to take that message.

OBADIAH: But if I go--you shall surely leave--and when the king returns, you will not be here, and he will slay me.

ELIJAH: Obadiah, aren't you a God-fearing man?

OBADIAH: Yes. I have feared God from my youth. Listen--haven't you heard what I did when Jezebel the Queen slew the prophets of the Lord?

ELIJAH: No. What did you do?

OBADIAH: I hid a hundred of them in a cave and fed them with bread and water.

ELIJAH: God will reward you for that.

OBADIAH: And yet you still say--go, tell Ahab that you are here?

ELIJAH: Go tell him. I shall be here to meet him. I promise it in the name of the true God.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: So Obadiah went to meet Ahab and told him what Elijah had said. And Ahab came to meet Elijah. And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him. (FADE)

AHAB: So--you are the one who has been troubling Israel.

ELIJAH: I have not troubled Israel, but only you and your house because you have forsaken Jehovah and followed Baal.

AHAB: Why did you send for me? Have you no fear?

ELIJAH: I want you to send and gather all of Israel together on Mount Carmel.

AHAB: For what reason?

ELIJAH: You shall see. And I want you to call together all of the prophets of Baal and the rest of those who eat at Jezebel's table.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: Then Ahab sent a messenger everywhere that the people should assemble, and the prophets of Baal were gathered at Mount Carmel. Then when a great multitude was assembled, Elijah flung out his challenge--

SOUND: CROWD NOISES

ELIJAH: How long will you go limping about--from one side to the other? If Jehovah is your God--follow Him. If Baal is to be your God, then follow him.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES

ELIJAH: I am the only prophet of God here in this crowd--but there are 450 prophets of Baal.

SOUND: SHOUTS FROM THE PROPHETS OF BAAL

ELIJAH: Get two bullocks--you prophets of Baal. Keep one for yourself and give the other one to me.

PROPHETS: What do we do then, Elijah the Tishbite?

ELIJAH: Cut your bullock in pieces--lay it on the wood, but don't put a fire underneath it. I will do the same with mine.

SOUND: SHOUTS OF CROWD

ELIJAH: Then you call on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of my God, Jehovah. And the god who answers by sending fire to burn the sacrifice--let him be the God of all of us.

CROWD: (SHOUTING) That's fair! We will choose! Go on--get the bullocks. We shall see whose god is powerful.

ELIJAH: Dress yours first--priests of Baal. There are many of you. Call on your gods, but see that no fire is placed under the sacrifice.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE UNDER--FROM "ELIJAH" BY MENDELSSOHN

NARRATOR: So the Baal priests took their bullocks and prepared it for the sacrifice; and from the morning till noon they offered their prayers and chants.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: SHOUTING--DANCING--

PROPHETS: O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us! Hear us!

ELIJAH: Cry louder--for surely Baal is a god!

PROPHETS: Baal, hear us! Bring down fire! Burn the sacrifice!

SOUND: SCREAMS--YELLS

ELIJAH: Maybe your god is talking to someone. Maybe he has gone on a journey.

PROPHETS: Hear us! Grant our prayer! (SHOUTS)

ELIJAH: Perhaps your god is asleep. Shout louder
and wake him up.

SOUND: SHOUTS CONTINUE FOR A MOMENT AND FADE INTO
DISTANCE

VOICE: Baal did not answer. The fire did not come
to consume the sacrifice.

ELIJAH: Now gather together--press closer. See this
altar of Jehovah here in ruins on this mountain--
destroyed by heathen worshipers.

VOICE: We see it, Elijah.

ELIJAH: Lad, bring me twelve stones--one for each of
the tribes of Israel. I will rebuild this
altar and dig a trench around it. Now where
is the bullock and the wood?

LAD: Here it is, Elijah.

ELIJAH: Now bring water and pour it on the sacrifice
and on the wood.

SOUND: POURING OF WATER

ELIJAH: Do it a second time.

SOUND: POURING WATER

ELIJAH: Do it a third time, so that the water will run down and fill the trench.

SOUND: POURING WATER

ELIJAH: Now wait while I call upon the name of Jehovah and we shall see who is indeed the true God.

MUSIC: UNDER--"ELIJAH"

NARRATOR: Then at the hour of the evening sacrifice Elijah drew near the altar and he prayed--

ELIJAH: Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word! Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again.

SOUND: FLAMES LEAPING--WOOD CRACKLING--WATER SIZZLING

VOICES: The fire! The sacrifice burns!

OTHER VOICES: Now whose god is the greatest?

VOICES: (SHOUTING) Jehovah is God! Jehovah--He is our

God! We choose Jehovah as our God!

ELIJAH: Take the prophets of Baal! Do not let a single one of them escape! Take them to the Brook Kishon and slay them.

SOUND: SCREAMS--CONFUSION

ELIJAH: Ahab--get yourself up from the ground.

AHAB: Oh, spare my life, Elijah!

ELIJAH: Prepare to go home--eat and drink--for I think I hear a sound as of abundance of rain. My servant, go look out toward the sea.

SERVANT: My lord, there is nothing.

ELIJAH: Go, look again--and again.

SERVANT: Oh, sir--

ELIJAH: What is it?

SERVANT: Behold--there rises a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand.

ELIJAH: Hurry, Ahab--prepare your chariot--get down from the mountain, before the rain stops you.

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER--RAIN--WIND

NARRATOR: And it came to pass that the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And through the storm Ahab drove on the road to Jezreel.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER--"ELIJAH"

NARRATOR: In something of this fashion the followers of the prophet told the story of his triumph and his glory. But a different chapter was to follow. When Ahab got back to the city and told Jezebel the Queen what Elijah had done, and how the priests of Baal had been slain, she was very angry and determined to take the life of Elijah. Listen in again for another dramatic episode in the life of a Hebrew prophet.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

CHAPTER VI

CHURCH MUSIC AND RELIGIOUS RADIO

John Harrington Edwards says:

Christianity is the religion of spiritual song. It inherited a magnificent psalmody, but it has given birth to an invaluable hymnology, as well as the art of harmony to which modern music owes the greater part of its boundless wealth. Outside Christendom, religious music has hardly shed the primitive, animistic character of rhythmic noise, and children's songs are almost unknown. But the Christian religion found in music a congenial ally, ready to aid its progress in the individual heart, and in the world's history.¹

Music which interprets the innermost longings of the human heart is understood and appreciated by peoples of all degrees of culture. There is something very wonderful in music. It speaks straight to our hearts and spirits. Charles Kingsley says:

Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how. It is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words, just as divine, just as blessed.²

Since music is one of the mightiest factors in religious education, a sincere study of noted composers and their compositions might well be a part of any church school curriculum. For example, the choir singing the "Messiah" year after

¹ Cynthia Pearl Maus, Christ and the Fine Arts (New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1938), p. 21.

² Ibid., p. 22.

year would find delight in working with the church radio players in preparing a broadcast of the life of Handel and his immortal music. Such a program might be arranged in the following manner--

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL AND HIS "MESSIAH"

ANNOUNCER: Tonight "Music of the Master's" hour brings you George Frederick Handel and a glimpse into the struggles and the heartbreak that lay back of the writing of his best loved oratorio, "The Messiah."

MUSIC: HALLELUJAH CHORUS

NARRATOR: George Frederick Handel's manservant was strangely employed on the afternoon of April 15, 1737. To his annoyance he had found that he was out of tobacco. He was afraid to leave the house for fear his master, Handel, who had come home from rehearsal in a terrible temper might need him. And so, we find him amusing himself by blowing soap bubbles from the casement. Lloyd, Handel's faithful secretary stands near by.

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE OUT. HALLELUJAH CHORUS

CEDRIC: This is rather jolly, don't you know.

LLOYD: Well, rather. Look at the bubbles bursting on the heads of the people as they pass.

CEDRIC: By the way, Lloyd, the master was in a most

outrageous mood when he came in. Did you think he looked well?

LLOYD: Indeed no. He was white and ill. He works too hard and worries too much.

CEDRIC: Do you think we should go in to him?

LLOYD: I don't think we had better disturb him just now. I'll go in presently and see if he wants any copying done.

CEDRIC: Those creditors of his are just about driving him mad.

LLOYD: Yes, the creditors and that soprano. When she comes in, I run to the far end of the house. I'd rather listen to the chatter of a flock of magpies than to have to hear her high, screeching notes.

CEDRIC: I guess it is no wonder his temper gets the better of him.

SOUND: HEAVY THUD FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS

LLOYD: What was that?

CEDRIC: Come quickly.

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

NARRATOR: When the servant and secretary entered Handel's room, the chair which he used when at work was empty. They were about to leave when they caught sight of the master lying prone on the floor, his eyes fixed and open. The two men raised him from the floor and placed him gently on the couch.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER. "HE WAS DESPISED AND REJECTED"

CEDRIC: What shall we do? Oh, I know he is dying.

LLOYD: Undress him quickly while I go for Dr. Jenkins. Sprinkle his face with water--keep it up--don't leave him for an instant. We may be able to bring him back to life.

MUSIC: SMELL AND CROSS FADE WITH SOUND OF CARRIAGE ON PAVING. "HE WAS DESPISED AND REJECTED"

DOCTOR: So, your master Handel is ill?

LLOYD: Oh, yes, Doctor. Those singers and critics are driving him mad. They've worried him to death.

DOCTOR: Has he been working harder than usual?

LLOYD: Working? He slaves. Think of it! He has composed four operas in twelve months.

DOCTOR: And I suppose his savings have been swallowed up?

LLOYD: Yes--ten thousand pounds, and now his creditors are dunning him to death. Everyone's against him.

DOCTOR: How old is he?

LLOYD: Fifty-two--but he's as strong as an ox. Doctor, do you think--

DOCTOR: We'll soon see what can be done.

SOUND: OUT

MUSIC: UP AND FADE UNDER. "HE WAS DESPISED AND REJECTED"

NARRATOR: The doctor had completed the necessary blood letting. He had bandaged the arm and was about to sit down to watch beside the patient, when he noticed Handel's lips moving. He bent over to catch the words.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

HANDEL: I'm finished--no strength--don't want to live--without strength.

LLOYD: What's he saying, Doctor? What's the matter

with him?

DOCTOR: Apoplexy. Right side is paralyzed.

LLOYD: And is he--is he likely to recover?

DOCTOR: Maybe. Anything is possible.

LLOYD: Please--please--tell me--will he--will he be able to work again?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. We may save the man, but the musician is lost forever. Still--one can never tell. A miracle may happen.

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE UNDER. "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"

NARRATOR: For four months the right side of Handel's body remained as if dead. The doctor ordered him to Aix-la-Chapelle for hot baths, and there new life began gradually to stir within the body of the great musician. Handel knew that health was to be his once more. We find him now as he stands outside the doors of the great Cathedral.

MUSIC: ORGAN CHIMES FADE IN AND UNDER

HANDEL: The organ is in there--I must go in--something

is drawing me--some force I can't explain.
But I can't play--I'm a sick man. They told
me I would never play again. And yet--my
hands--they feel strong and able--Oh, God,
help me! I must play! I must!

MUSIC: SWELLS AND FADES UNDER. "I KNOW THAT MY
REDEEMER LIVETH"

NARRATOR: As Handel plays, a nun enters the cathedral
and pauses beside Sister Agnes who is kneel-
ing in prayer. They whisper--

NUN: Sister Agnes, who is playing the organ?

AGNES: I do not know. I was here when he came in,
and I shall never forget what I saw.

NUN: What was that, Sister?

AGNES: The man stumbled and almost fell as he hurried
down the aisle to the organ, and there were
great tears streaming down his face.

NUN: I have never heard such music. It is like
something from another world.

AGNES: I feel as though the gates of heaven were
opening to let the face of God shine through.

NUN: Listen, Sister! How alive that music is!
A master is at the organ!

MUSIC: SWELL AND OUT.

NARRATOR: His health restored, Handel hurled himself with a new fury into the work of composition. But fate was against him. Hard times came--debts mounted--critics sneered. He roamed the streets of London until late at night and in his desperation was lured to the bridge across the Thames.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER. "PASTORAL SYMPHONY"

HANDEL: Swirling, muddy waters! Black like my tortured soul! Why can't I plunge into your depths and end this miserable existence? My friends are gone--I can't pay my debts--no one wants my music. O God, why did you permit my resurrection only to allow my fellow men to bury me again? I'm a conquered, a smitten man. O God, what can I do?

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE OUT.

NARRATOR: Like a lost soul, Handel wandered back to his study, and there he found Charles Jennens, the

librettist, waiting for him--a bulky manuscript under his arm.

HANDEL: Jennens, why are you here at this hour of the night?

JENNENS: Handel, I know it is late, but I had to come. This time I'm sure of myself. Here, let me show you what I have.

HANDEL: No--no, don't show me anything. Just tell me what you want.

JENNENS: I've written a text for an oratorio. It's different, and I hope better than anything I have ever done. I want you, Handel, to put my words into undying melodies.

HANDEL: (SCREAMS) You--you dare to come here to ask me to do that. No--you came here to laugh at me--to scoff at a dying, a defeated man.

JENNENS: Oh, sir, I'm sorry. I thought you could make my words come alive. I thought the great musical genius of the world--

HANDEL: You thought nothing of the kind! You know that I am finished--through. Get out of here--get out!

JENNENS: I'll go, sir, but I had hoped--I'll leave
the manuscript. Perhaps later--

HANDEL: Get out! (WEEPS BITTERLY)

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER. "COMFORT YE"

NARRATOR: Handel threw himself on the bed but sleep would
not come. A strange curiosity as to what was
in that manuscript forced him to rise and to
relight the candles. His hands trembled. He
pushed the manuscript nearer the light. On
the first page he read the words, "The Messiah."
With feverish hands he turned the title page and
read--

MUSIC: UNDER AS BG MUSIC. "COMFORT YE"

HANDEL: "Comfort ye--comfort ye, my people." Why, the
words are an answer--a divine answer to a weary
heart.

MUSIC: SWELL FOR AN INSTANT AND UNDER AGAIN

HANDEL: "Thus saith the Lord." That is addressed to me--
to me--Frederick Handel. "And he shall purify."
Surely, surely God has put sublime into poor old
Jennens' head. "And the angel or the Lord came

upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." This is superb--splendid. I can see the light coming into the room--crystal clear--as if an angel with shining pinions--Oh, joy! Oh, unspeakable glory! Surely the Lord himself has inspired this poet.

MUSIC: SWELL AND UNDER. HALLELUJAH CHORUS

HANDEL: (HALF WEEPING) Hallelujah--Hallelujah--for all eternity. For the Lord God, Omnipotent, reigneth. That puts a fire into my blood--my music must escape and storm the heavens with a melodious roar. The notes must rise and fall like a Jacob's ladder of sound. All the voices of mankind must be brought together in a mighty chorus. This great song of joy must reach the very throne of the Creator. It must hit the rafters of heaven.

Lloyd--my pen--my copy book--hurry--hurry--Hallelujah, Hallelujah, for all eternity!

MUSIC: SWELL AND OUT

NARRATOR: When Christopher Lloyd entered the room the following morning, Handel was still at work.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR BG. "FOR UNTO US A CHILD
IS BORN"

HANDEL: "For unto us a child is born, and unto us a
son is given. And his name shall be called
wonderful--

LLOYD: Excuse me, sir, but is there any copying to
be done this morning?

HANDEL: What--what was that? Copying? No--no, of
course not. Get out, will you--

LLOYD: Yes--yes, sir--but--

HANDEL: "And his name shall be called Wonderful,
Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting
Father, the prince of peace."

MUSIC: SWELL AND UNDER. SAME AS ABOVE

NARRATOR: Time and space were obliterated. Day and
night Handel kept at his task, living wholly
in the realm where rhythm and tone reigned
supreme.

MUSIC: OUT

LLOYD: The master, sir--what are we to do? He hasn't
slept in his bed. When I open the door, he

growls at me--his hair standing on end--like this.

CEDRIC: Yes, I know. And he won't eat. Crumpled a little bread in one hand while he scribbled like a mad man with the other. Lloyd, do you know what he is writing? He will kill himself.

LLOYD: I've seen the master in a rage--I've seen him stomp and rave and tear his hair--but never in my life have I known the likes of this. Something has possessed him. I daren't even go inside the room.

CEDRIC: And the creditors, sir. What shall we do?

LLOYD: Do? I send them away--mad as hatters, threatening jail, murder, everything. This household is in a pretty state of affairs.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER SOFT. HALLELUJAH CHORUS

NARRATOR: At last Handel rose to his feet. The pen slipped from his hand. He neither saw nor heard any more. Clinging to the walls, he stumbled to his couch--fell forward--and slept.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

LLOYD: Dr. Jenkins, is that you? I had to send for you. I cannot wake the master. He has worked for days as one possessed, and now he sleeps like one dead.

DOCTOR: I hope this call is necessary. I'm a very busy man, you know.

SOUND: HEARTY LAUGHTER

DOCTOR: Now what in the name of heaven is that?

LLOYD: Oh, sir--it's the master. He must be out of his mind. Hurry!

SOUND: RUNNING AND DOOR THROWN OPEN

DOCTOR: May the devil fly away with me! What's got into you, man?

HANDEL: CONTINUES TO LAUGH AND THEN THE HARPSICHORD
FADES IN UNDER

HANDEL: Behold, men! I tell to you a mystery. Listen!

MUSIC: HALLELUJAH CHORUS. SWELL AND FADE UNDER

DOCTOR: Never have I heard the likes of this. You're possessed of the devil, you know.

MUSIC: STAYS UNDER AS HANDEL WHISPERS REVERENTLY

HANDEL: I think rather that God himself has visited me.

MUSIC: SWELL AND HOLDS. FADES UNDER. HALLELUJAH CHORUS

NARRATOR: In the two hundred years that have come and gone since the Messiah brought tears to the eyes of its creator and filled him with the vision of Heaven and the "Great God Himself," it has moved and thrilled more music lovers than perhaps any other choral work. Handel has been called the most superb personage in the history of music. "The Messiah" remains his most enduring monument.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

CHAPTER VII

RADIO DRAMA FOR RELIGIOUS LIVING

Any dramatic broadcast that leaves its audience exalted in spirit, with a deeper sense of reverence for God and human personality, has been, in fact, a religious broadcast. This is true even though there were no Biblical characters mentioned--no reference made to God or Jesus--no deliberate attempt on the part of the players to moralize. If the radio play is one of character and action, of humor and imagination, of beauty and of power, it has a definite place in the church's program.

Charles Rand Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," is one that readily adapts itself for use as a religious broadcast. Such a play portrays the emotional and spiritual conflicts of human life, and sheds upon them the light of religion. The church radio group trained in script writing can take such a play, cut it to its proper time limit, and adapt it for a listening audience.¹

Here is one way of arranging "The Servant in the House" for a half-hour religious broadcast.

¹ Release to broadcast such an adaptation must be obtained from the publishers of the play.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

FILTER MIKE: "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light; but he that hateth his brother is in darkness."

MUSIC: THE MUSIC UP AND FADE OUT--HYMN--THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we bring you an adaptation of Charles Kennedy's dramatic production "The Servant in the House."

NARRATOR: It is morning in a vine-covered rectory in Southern England. Manson, the newly employed butler from India, is holding conversation with Rogers, the page boy, as they wait for the Vicar to come down to breakfast.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT--THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

ROGERS: Arskin' your pardon, Mr. Manson--

MANSON: What is it, Rogers?

ROGERS: Funny thing--cawn't get it out of my 'ead as I've knowed you somewhere before. Don't seem possible, do it, Mr. Manson?

MANSON: Many things are possible in this world, Rogers.

ROGERS: Perhaps it's this reincarnytion the Daily Mail's been writing about. Ever see the Daily Mail in India, Mr. Manson?

MANSON: No, Rogers.

ROGERS: Rum idea, reincarnytion! Just think, Mr. Manson--perhaps we was lords once in ancient Babylon, you an' me!

MANSON: And now I'm a butler and you're a page boy, eh.

ROGERS: Does seem a bit of a comedown, don't it?

MANSON: That's one way of looking at it.

ROGERS: I often thinks in my 'ead as I'd like to be a church clergyman, like the master. Them stand-up collars are very becoming.

MANSON: Clothes are what the people of this world see.

ROGERS: Say, you are a butler, now, ain't you?

MANSON: Yes--something like that.

ROGERS: You know--the Master 'asn't allus been so 'igh. Some say as 'e was once only a--Oh! 'ere 'e is!

VICAR: (OFF MIKE) Don't wait breakfast for me, Martha

dear. I'm going over to the church. Both my curates are down with the fever.

(ON MIKE) Good morning, Rogers.

ROGERS: This is the new butler, sir. Mr. Manson, sir--

VICAR: Oh, yes--Mr. Manson. I--I've surely seen you somewhere before.

MANSON: Have you really seen me, sir?

VICAR: Hm! No, I can't quite recall--Anyway, I'm glad to see you, Manson. Have any trouble down at the Customs?

MANSON: Just a little, sir.

VICAR: Indeed! How was that?

MANSON: They said something about the new Alien Act, sir.

VICAR: Of course, of course. My old friend in India who recommended you said you were of excellent character. But there was one matter he didn't mention.

MANSON: What was that, sir?

VICAR: Your religion. You can of course see its importance in a clergyman's family.

MANSON: My religion, sir, is very simple. I love God and all my brothers.

VICAR: God and all your brothers?

MANSON: Yes, sir; all of them.

SOUND: GIRL SINGING AS SHE APPROACHES MIKE

MARY: Good morning, Uncle William. Oh!--I suppose you're Manson. I must say you look simply ripping! How do you do. My name's Mary--

MANSON: A very dear name, too.

MARY: Has Uncle told you who's coming today?

MANSON: No.

MARY: Not about Uncle Josh? Whom I've never so much as set eyes on before.

VICAR: Tut, tut, Mary. You mustn't call your Uncle Joshua that! It's irreverent.

MARY: You should know Uncle Joshua, Manson. He's from India and he's a very important person.

MANSON: Really! Perhaps I do know him. What's his full name?

MARY: Guess? Think of the very biggest person you ever heard of in this world!

MANSON: In this world! That sounds rather like--does he give free libraries?

MARY: More wonderful things than that. Listen! Have you heard of the Bishop of Benares?

MANSON: Oh--the Bishop of Benares. Yes, I happen to know him.

VICAR: Not really. This is most interesting.

MANSON: I know him as a man might know his own soul, sir--as they say in India.

VICAR: Bless me, you know him better than I do. I haven't seen this brother of mine since I was a lad.

MANSON: Your brother, sir?

VICAR: Yes.

MANSON: Then--Miss Mary?

VICAR: Mary here is the daughter of my other brother.

MANSON: I see--two brothers?

VICAR: Yes, yes, I have--that is--I--I had--well--I must be getting over to the church. Come, Rogers!

ROGERS: I'll be back to 'elp you with the breakfast, Mr. Manson.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

MARY: I've made up my mind I shan't like this Uncle Josh.

MANSON: Indeed I hope you will like him.

MARY: Do you believe in liking people simply because they're uncles?

MANSON: Perhaps I'm prejudiced.

MARY: What kind of people follow the Bishop of Benares?

MANSON: Just common people.

MARY: And what's all the talk about the great churches he built out there?

MANSON: Churches?

MARY: Yes; didn't he?

MANSON: He built one.

MARY: What's it like? Have you seen it?

MANSON: I was there when he built it.

MARY: From the very beginning?

MANSON: From the beginning.

MARY: It was all so mysterious about Uncle Josh.

MANSON: Mysterious?

MARY: Yes, just like a fairy tale. You see, Uncle William's church is in a perfectly dreadful state of decay and no two people agree as to what is the matter with it.

MANSON: Yes. Well, what do you think?

MARY: I can't help thinking old Bletchley is right--

MANSON: Who's he?

MARY: Oh, he's a dreadfully wicked man here in the village. He's--he's an atheist.

MANSON: Well, well, and what does he think is the matter?

MARY: He says it's the drain!

MANSON: The--the drain?

MARY: Yes. In spite of what Uncle says, there is a smell. I had it in my nose all last Sunday morning. That's why people won't come to church. They say so.

MANSON: But--what has all this to do with Uncle--

MARY: Don't get impatient--it's all a part of the story. We thought poor Uncle William would be ill.

MANSON: Because of the drain?

MARY: No, because of the worry over funds to repair the church.

MANSON: Worry over money?

MARY: Yes. And then yesterday he was reading in his newspaper a long piece about the Bishop of Benares.

MANSON: What did the paper say?

MARY: I don't know, but right in the middle of the piece, Uncle stopped and said real loud, "Look at the power this man seems to have. I wish I

had some of it."

MANSON: And then what happened?

MARY: That's the mysterious part. The postman came and what do you think?

MANSON: What?

MARY: (EXCITED) It was a letter, and it said, "I shall be with you tomorrow morning. If someone will help me, I will restore your church." It was signed "Your brother, Joshua" and underneath it said "The Bishop of Benares."

MANSON: What a coincidence.

MARY: Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it just like a fairy tale?

MANSON: And soon he'll be here and you'll be talking to him as you are to me now.

MARY: (IN A WHISPER) Manson, who are you?

MANSON: I am the servant in this house. I have my work to do. Would you like to help me? (BELLS OF THE CHURCH RING SOFTLY UNDER THIS SPEECH)

MARY: What can I do?

MANSON: Help to spin the fairy tale and wish hard.

MARY: What shall I wish for?

MANSON: What have you needed most? What have you missed? Think it all out, Mary.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE OUT. HYMN TUNE

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ROBERT: So this is where'e lives! A bloomin' palace
as never I see!

MANSON: Who are you, sir?

ROBERT: 'is brother--the 'oly man's brother.

MANSON: This way, if you please.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

VICAR: Robert!

ROBERT: Yus, it's me, my 'oly brother.

VICAR: But didn't you--didn't you get my letter not to
come here?

ROBERT: Yus, I got it.

VICAR: Then why did you come?

ROBERT: Thought I'd like to 'av a look at the drains.
My job yer know--drains!

VICAR: Robert, what have you really come here for?

ROBERT: You arskin' me that?

VICAR: Yes, I do.

ROBERT: Why, to see my little gel o' course--course you!

VICAR: And what am I to do?

ROBERT: Go and tell your ole woman. (PAUSE) Did you
'ear me speak? Tell 'er. Go on--tell 'er.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

ROBERT: That blighter might a made a man'o me once if
'e'd tried; but 'e didn't--'im and 'is like.

MANSON: Would you like to have some breakfast, sir?

ROBERT: Blimey! Sossingers! Ain't 'ad the taste of
sossingers in my gizzard f'or I don't know 'ow
long.

MANSON: I'm glad you enjoy them, sir.

ROBERT: Say, you wouldn't think as I'm 'is brother, would
yer--not to look at me?

MANSON: Well, you don't look so much--

ROBERT: But I am 'is brother, and 'e cawn't deny it.
An' 'e knows I married my little gel's moth--
'ere, ain't you goin' ter 'ave no sossingers?

MANSON: You want me to eat with you?

ROBERT: Yes, sit dahn, ole pal! Mek yourself at 'ome.

MANSON: You were going to say something about your
little girl's mother?

ROBERT: Let me be, I tell yer! You tek all the taste
out 'o my sossingers.

MANSON: I should like to hear about her, comrade.

ROBERT: You cawn't bring 'er back. She's dead.

MANSON: What was her name?

ROBERT: Mary--same as the little gel's.

MANSON: How did you come to lose her?

ROBERT: Typhoid.

MANSON: And Mary?

ROBERT: Oh, it was my own fault as I lost the kid!

MANSON: That was a sore loss, comrade.

ROBERT: I know it! Needn't rub it in. Look 'ere. I 'adn't a bad nature to begin with. Didn't me an' my brother Joshua pinch and slave the skin orf our bones to send that spotted swine to school? Didn't we 'elp 'im out with 'is books and 'is bits of clothes to try an' mek 'im look respectable?

MANSON: And what became of your brother Joshua?

ROBERT: I don't know. Gone to pot like me! P'r'aps eatin' 'is bleedin' 'eart out same as I am, at the base ingratitude o' the world.

MANSON: Perhaps so. You were saying that you hadn't a bad nature to begin with.

ROBERT: O' course, when she took an' died, things was different. I couldn't 'old up the same--somehow I lost my 'eart and--

MANSON: Yes?

ROBERT: That's 'ow I lost my kid--my little kid. I was a rotter then, same as you might 'ave bin. Wait till that bleedin' brother of mine comes back.

MANSON: Which bleeding brother?

ROBERT: Why, the Reverend William, o' course. Allus did 'ate parsons! I 'ates the sight of their 'arf baked, silly mugs. But now that I'm 'ere I'll go an' 'ave a look at 'is drains. Blast 'is eyes!

MUSIC: UP AND FADE--HYMN TUNE

VICAR: (OFF MIKE) But, Martha, my dear wife, be quiet and let me explain.

AUNTIE: (COMING TOWARD MIKE) But, William, you promised that you would write that awful Robert not to come near here, drains or no drains.

VICAR: Martha dear, I did write him, but he came anyway.

AUNTIE: Well, I'll not see him. I don't want to lay eyes on the filthy, dirty drunkard. Get rid of him at once, William.

VICAR: But he's my brother, and I'm beginning to see that he is just what I have made him.

AUNTIE: How can you say that, William? There was your reputation, your fame to think about. Now if you would listen to my brother James and let

him finance your new church--

VICAR: Don't mention your brother James. He stirs some nameless devil like murder in my heart. I want to clutch him by the throat and strangle him.

AUNTIE: WILLIAM!

VICAR: All his filthy money--how did he scrape it together?

AUNTIE: Maybe that's true--but think, William, of the opportunity of turning it to God's service.

VICAR: Do you think any blessing is going to fall upon a church whose every stone is reeking with the bloody sweat and anguish of human creatures whom the wealth of men like that has driven to despair.

AUNTIE: Why will you exaggerate, my dear? It is not as bad as that. Why can't you compose yourself and be happy?

VICAR: How can I be happy with the thoughts of my dishonest practices poisoning the very air I breathe?

- AUNTIE: What's got into you, William? You've changed over night.
- VICAR: Oh, I don't know. There's a presence--there's something in this house I can't stand.
- AUNTIE: It's that new butler. He frightens me--always looking straight through a person. Let's get rid of him.
- VICAR: I'm through, Martha. Do you hear? I'm through with this lie--this scheme of your brother's!
- AUNTIE: It isn't such a bad scheme. Why shouldn't you organize a Building Society to help pay for a new church?
- VICAR: You mean a bogus Building Society, where a few of us thieving directors collect all the profits.
- AUNTIE: There you go, exaggerating again. Think of the beautiful big church of your dreams--the spires, and the flashing crosses. Think of your work! The influence for good you will be able to wield.
- VICAR: Doesn't it strike you that there are some things in this world which are not to be bought at any price? Haven't you heard of gaining the whole

world and losing your own soul?

AUNTIE: Oh, let's not quarrel, William. Think of our love--of our life together. And don't forget all of the beautiful things you have done for Mary.

VICAR: And of what I've done to her father, my own brother.

AUNTIE: Oh, William, I almost forgot. You've got to get him off the place before Mary knows. She must not see him.

VICAR: No. Mary must not see the father who took the dregs of life that I might scale the heights.

AUNTIE: William! How can you say such things!

MUSIC: UP AND FADE UNDER--HYMN

SOUND: BIRDS SINGING

MANSON: You are fond of the birds, aren't you, Miss Mary?

MARY: Oh, yes. I love them. Don't you?

MANSON: They are my very good friends. Let's throw them the crumbs.

MUSIC: OUT

MANSON: Mary?

MARY: Yes, Manson.

MANSON: Have you thought any more about--

MARY: About wishing? Yes, lots.

MANSON: And have you decided what you want most?

MARY: I don't know what to think. Wishing is a dreadfully difficult thing when you really set about it, isn't it?

MANSON: Yes, it is.

MARY: You see, ordinary things won't do; they're all wrong somehow.

MANSON: It would seem so, wouldn't it?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ROGERS: Mr. Manson, the cook makes so bold as to request your presence in the kitchen. Seems as she 'ad no orders for lunch yet.

MANSON: Very well, Rogers. Keep thinking, Miss Mary.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MARY: (TO HERSELF) What have I needed most? What have I not had? Oh, I know! And I never dreamed of it until now.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARY: (SCREAMS)

ROBERT: Beg pawdan, Miss. I--

MARY: Who are you? What are you doing here?

ROBERT: I'm--I'm--

MARY: How dare you come here! You look like a very wicked man.

ROBERT: Me, Miss?

MARY: Yes, you. You're a thief.

ROBERT: Do you tike me for a thief, Miss? You?
Oh, my Gawd, my Gawd!

MARY: Of course, if--if you're sorry, that makes a difference, doesn't it?

ROBERT: Yus, a fat lot!

MARY: I'm sorry. Did I make a mistake?

ROBERT: Yus, Miss--a whopper.

MARY: Then you're not a thief?

ROBERT: No, sewelp me. I'm a bit of a low un; but not
that low. You thought I looked like one, all
the same. Didn't yer, now?

MARY: Well, you see, I--

ROBERT: You don't like my mug. See them lines? Want
to know what them stand for? That's drink, and
starvytion, an' work an' a dreaded lonely life.

MARY: Oh, you poor man! Wouldn't you like me to help
you?

ROBERT: You're the only person in the world I'd like ter
see try.

MARY: Now don't you think if you were really to wish
very hard, it would make things easier for you?

ROBERT: Wot I want, ain't no use wishin' for!

MARY: It doesn't matter what it is. Anything you
like! It will all happen! I'm wishing now!
I'm wishing hard!

ROBERT: So am I, so 'elp me! But it's no use!

MARY: It is! It is! What are you wishing?

ROBERT: Never you mind! Summat's impossible as--
fairy tales!

MARY: So's mine! Mine's the most impossible thing
in the world!

ROBERT: Not more than mine!

MARY: What's yours?

ROBERT: What's yours?

MARY: I want my father!

ROBERT: I want my little kid!

MARY: Your what?

ROBERT: My--daughter.

MARY: Oh, is she dead? Is she?

ROBERT: Far as I am concerned--yus.

MARY: Did she run away?

ROBERT: She got took.

MARY: Gypsies?

ROBERT: I give 'er up. 'Ad to.

MARY: Why?

ROBERT: Never you mind. She's been looked arfter.

MARY: By whom?

ROBERT: By peoples as I've allus 'ated like poison!

MARY: Aren't they kind to her?

ROBERT: Yus.

MARY: Then why do you hate them?

ROBERT: Oh, I don't any longer. I 'ates myself--I
'ates the world I live in.

MARY: Isn't it strange--both our wishes alike?
You want your little girl and I my father.

ROBERT: What sort of a bloke might your father be, Miss?

MARY: I don't know. I have never seen him and I've
been so selfish. I've never even thought about
him up until a while ago.

ROBERT: No one ever spoke to you about 'im?

MARY: No. But he must be a lot like Uncle William
and Uncle Joshua. They're his brothers.

ROBERT: But s'pose, Miss--s'pose 'e ain't. P'r'aps

'e's 'ad a 'ard life, same as I 'ad, Miss--

MARY: Oh, sir--I'm so sorry for you. I wish--(SOBS)

ROBERT: Don't, Miss! Don't cry! Breaks my 'eart. I
ort never to 'ave bin born--mekin' you cry!

MARY: I--I want to help you.

ROBERT: You 'ave, Miss. I'll go now.

MARY: Before you go, won't you tell me your name?
Who are you?

ROBERT: I--I got no name worth speakin' of. I'm just
the bloke what a-lookin' arter the drains!
Good-bye, Miss.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MUSIC: UP AND OUT--HYMN

MARY: Auntie! Uncle! I want to speak to you at once.
Both of you!!

AUNTIE: What is it, Mary?

MARY: It's about something we have never spoken of
before. Sometning I've never been told.

VICAR: Yes?

AUNTIE: Yes?

MARY: I want to know about my father. Auntie, tell me!

AUNTIE: (PAUSE) I have nothing to tell you about your father.

MARY: Why? Isn't he--

AUNTIE: There is nothing to tell, now run along. I have nothing to say.

VICAR: I have!

AUNTIE: William!

VICAR: I have, I say! Come sit down, Mary.
Now, what do you want to know about your father?

MARY: Everything! Everything there is to know!

AUNTIE: William, this is brutal!

VICAR: It is my work, Martha! Haven't I babbled in the pulpit long enough about fatherhood and brotherhood. Now, Mary, what put this thought into your head?

MARY: I don't know. I had been talking to Manson--

AUNTIE: That servant in our house!

MARY: All in a flash I found myself wishing for my father, wondering why I had never seen him.

VICAR: Well, what then?

MARY: Then I met a man--a poor, miserable man--

AUNTIE: Who--who was this man?

MARY: He wouldn't tell me his name. I thought he was a thief at first. But then I felt very sorry for him.

VICAR: Why did you feel so sorry for him?

MARY: Because he was wishing for his little girl.

VICAR: Where did you meet him?

MARY: Here, in this room. He just left before you came in.

AUNTIE: Where is he now?

MARY: He went away.

AUNTIE: For good?

MARY: Yes, I think so.

VICAR: Mary, was he a rough looking man?

MARY: Dreadfully, and he swore once.

VICAR: (SLOWLY) And he wouldn't tell you his name?

MARY: No. I asked him, but he wouldn't. And Uncle William, he said that perhaps my father wasn't good enough to be your brother. That's not true, is it?

VICAR: No, by Heaven! That's not true!

MARY: Oh, I knew it! I knew it!

VICAR: Listen, child, it is I who am not worthy to be called his brother.

AUNTIE: William, that is absurd! Mary, go on out to the garden now, I want to talk with your uncle alone.

MARY: But, Auntie--

AUNTIE: Run along!

VICAR: Martha!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

VICAR: What are you going to do, Martha?

AUNTIE: Pack that Robert off to Australia, Africa--
anywhere to get rid of him.

VICAR: And do you think you'll get him to go?

AUNTIE: We must. Do you think I'm going to risk that
child learning everything?

SOUND: BELL RINGS

VICAR: What do you think you are doing?

MANSON: You rang?

AUNTIE: Yes, come in, Manson. I want to have a little
confidential talk with you. Confidential, you
understand.

MANSON: I am always most discreet, madam.

AUNTIE: Manson, you saw everything, didn't you? You
were here when that dreadful creature arrived.

MANSON: I had breakfast with your husband's brother
Robert if that is who you mean.

AUNTIE: Manson, don't jest. We are in a wretched
plight and you must help us.

MANSON: I do truly want to help you.

AUNTIE: Oh, Manson, you're perfectly wonderful! I shall pay you well.

MANSON: It is not enough. I shall require more.

AUNTIE: Why--of course. I shall be glad to do anything that--What do you want?

MANSON: I mean that service such as mine demands greater recompense.

AUNTIE: You may be sure that anything in reason--

MANSON: It must go beyond all that!

AUNTIE: Well, what do you ask?

MANSON: The uttermost obedience, loyalty, and love!

AUNTIE: Manson, how dare you! By what right--

MANSON: By my own right!

AUNTIE: This is insolence. Do you forget that you are my servant?

MANSON: No. Sit down and hear me speak.

VICAR: Martha, he has been sent to help us! I believe it is God speaking.

MANSON: Now let me tell you exactly why you have sent for me. There is a strange turmoil in your soul. You have done wrong, and you know it.

AUNTIE: How dare you say that?

MANSON: Haven't you sent for me to help you in your plans for banishing Mary's father from your lives forever?

AUNTIE: How did you know that?

MANSON: I know you.

AUNTIE: Would you have me welcome that awful Robert with open arms?

MANSON: Yes, and heart, too.

AUNTIE: Have him here, entertain him, treat him as a guest?

MANSON: As an honored guest!

AUNTIE: In this house?

MANSON: In this house.

AUNTIE: Good Heavens! What else?

MANSON: Sweep and garnish it thoroughly. Seek out and

cleanse its hidden corners. Make it fair and ready to lodge a brother.

AUNTIE: (DESPERATELY) I won't do it! I can't! I can't!

MANSON: With my help, you can!

VICAR: Manson, how can we bring it about?

AUNTIE: I daren't! I daren't!

VICAR: I dare! And I will!

MANSON: Make me the lord and the master of this house for one little hour.

VICAR: Yes! Yes!

MANSON: And you--Martha?

AUNTIE: (SOBS) Yes.

MUSIC: UP TRIUMPHANT AND FADE

VICAR: It is only ten minutes until time for brother Joshua to arrive.

AUNTIE: We shall never be able to do it, William. How can we possibly undo the work of all these years in ten minutes?

VICAR: We must try somehow.

AUNTIE: Yes, yes, I know. Oh, I have been blind--
blind! Robert will hate me most of all.

VICAR: No, he will hate me most.

AUNTIE: God help us! Oh, here comes Mary.

MARY: Auntie, I had to come back to talk to you.
Suppose my father is the very, very wickedest
man that ever lived. Don't you think if we
tried to love him very much, it might make a
difference?

VICAR: What made you think of that, Mary?

MARY: It's what you taught me, Uncle, in your sermons.

VICAR: I taught you?

MARY: Yes, and besides, there's another reason--I've
been thinking of the poor man I met this morning.

AUNTIE: Yes. What of him?

MARY: He said he was a wicked man, and at first he
looked so awful I believed him.

VICAR: What changed your mind?

MARY: When I heard him talk about his little girl,
everything seemed different--and--

VICAR: Yes, Mary?

MARY: Oh, Uncle, don't you think we might find my father the same way if he was properly loved and looked after?

VICAR: Then listen to me, Mary. I have something to tell you. That very man you spoke to--

ROGERS: Beg your pardon, sir, but--

VICAR: Yes, Rogers, what is it?

ROGERS: Mr. Manson sent me, sir. It ain't my fault.

VICAR: Do explain yourself, Rogers!

ROGERS: Well, sir, it's a bit orkard. It's--I really don't know what you'll say--

VICAR: Come, come--what is it?

ROGERS: It's a man, sir!

VICAR: Well, there's nothing very extraordinary in that. Wants to see me, eh?

ROGERS: Yes, sir! And Mr. Manson told me to bring him in.

VICAR: Well, why don't you?

ROGERS: 'E's mucked up to the eyes, sir! Been down
the drains!

ALL: (EXCITED EXCLAMATIONS)

VICAR: Praise God! Show him in at once.

ROGERS: What! In 'ere, sir?

VICAR: Yes! Yes!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ROBERT: Can I be 'eard in this 'ouse, if I speak a few
words?

VICAR: Robert! My--

ROBERT: 'Old back! Don't you speak or come near me!
You don't know me--understand? There's no one
'ere knows me, except one little gel--'er over
there. Tell 'em who I am.

MARY: Why, it's my friend--the man I was telling you
about. The man who looks after the drains.

ROBERT: That's it. I'm the drain man, see? Thought
you might be mistakin' me for someone else--
if you wasn't told.

VICAR: Go on.

- ROBERT: That's what I come 'ere to talk about--my job.
- AUNTIE: What about it?
- ROBERT: Well, when I come to this 'ouse this mornin', the young leddy thought I come to steal summat! Well, p'r'haps I did, arter all--summat as I 'ad no right to. But I met a bloke as changed my mind. He knowed me better than I knowed myself.
- AUNTIE:
VICAR: Manson.
- ROBERT: Don't know 'is name, but 'e brought me back to my own job--drains. Funny thing--some's born without noses in their 'eads, worth speakin' of. I wasn't. I can smell out a stink anywhere.
- AUNTIE: I am sure you can. This is most interesting.
- ROBERT: Moment I stuck my 'ead in this place, I knowed as summat was wrong in my line.
- MARY: Now didn't I always say--
- ROBERT: Yus, Miss, you're one o' the nosey uns, I can see! Look 'ere, ma'am, I got the loveliest little job as ever you soiled yer 'ands in!
- MARY: Oh, do tell us!

AUNTIE:
VICAR:

Yes, do!

ROBERT:

I followed that drain in under the church. I know it's under the church 'cos I 'eard "The Church's One Foundation" on the organ, rumblin' up over my 'ead! Well, I--

ALL:

Yes, yes--go on!

ROBERT:

It ain't no drain at all.

ALL:

Why, what is it then?

ROBERT:

It's a grave!

ALL:

A grave!

ROBERT:

Yus.

MARY:

Oh!

AUNTIE:

Horrible!

VICAR:

I seem to remember some tradition.

ROBERT:

I never thought there could be such a lot of bones and dead things all in one place before. Why--why it may cost a man 'is life to deal with that little job!

VICAR:

The thing's impossible!

ROBERT: Impossible! Means a bit of work, that's all.

VICAR: Why, no one would ever dare--

ROBERT: Dare! Why wot do you think I come 'ere for?

VICAR: You! Do you mean--do I understand--

ROBERT: Why not? Ain't it my job?

AUNTIE: But you said--perhaps death--

VICAR: No, ten thousand times, no! The sacrifice is too much!

ROBERT: You call that sacrifice? What are you? A clergyman?

VICAR: I am nothing. Less than nothing.

ROBERT: But I call myself summat--I'm the DRAIN MAN. THAT'S WOT I AM!

VICAR: You shall not go! The stench--the horror--

ROBERT: What's it matter if the comrades up above 'ave light and joy an' a breath of 'olesome air to sing by?

AUNTIE: William, there must be some other way.

VICAR: Yes, yes, there is. Then you mean to go, Robert?

ROBERT: By 'eaven, yus!

VICAR: Then--you shall not go alone. If you're ready, comrade, you and I shall go together.

AUNTIE: (SOBS)

ROBERT: You! It's dangerous, you understand.

VICAR: I'm going with you.

ROBERT: This ain't psalms, an' 'ymns an' 'ole maid's tea parties. It may mean typhoid!

VICAR: I understand.

ROBERT: Rats!

VICAR: Yes.

ROBERT: They don't leave you alone. They got teeth, remember--poison in 'em!

VICAR: I will go with you.

ROBERT: Then I guess there's nothing more to say--

MARY: Yes, there is!

ROBERT: What do you mean, Miss?

MARY: I mean that I understand--that I know who you are.

ROBERT: Me?

MARY: Yes, you are my own father. I know it!
I know it!

ROBERT: 'Ow in the everlastin' did you know that?

MARY: Because you just have to be. Because you are
my wish come true. Oh, you are brave and
beautiful and good, and I love you very much.

ROBERT: My little kid! My sweet little kid!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MANSON: I beg your pardon, sir, perhaps you would like
to know that the Bishop of Benares is here.

VICAR: What, already! Send him in at once.

MANSON: I said he is here, sir. Here in this room.

VICAR: What do you mean--here in this room? Where
is here?

MANSON: Here, sir, beside you. Look at me, William.

VICAR: (REVERENTLY) In God's name, Manson, who are you?

MANSON: In God's name, I am your brother.

MUSIC: SWELL, HOLD, THEN FADE OUT. HYMN--"O BROTHER MAN"

CHAPTER VIII

RADIO AND THE CHURCH CALENDAR

To the church alive to its radio possibilities, special days are no longer a time of weariness to the flesh, but a time of golden opportunity. Just mention Race Relations Day, World Peace, Music Week, Easter, Christmas, New Year's Day--to say nothing of all the other "specials"--and the radio committee simply burns with enthusiasm to get started with preparations for a broadcast. How often our churches have felt it their duty to put on some stilted little program for the handful of the faithful, when they might have let the multitudes know through a powerful religious broadcast just where the church stands in regard to the great ideals of Christianity.

Christmas is perhaps the greatest day on the church calendar. It is a time for pageantry, cantatas, lighted trees, children's voices, and Christian fellowship. And in the homes dial-twisters hunt for beautiful Christmas music, drama, anything to make the sacred season more real and meaningful. The church that takes advantage of this hunger of the human heart is wise indeed. The radio group could plan weeks ahead for its Christmas broadcast, using the best of the well loved carols and a dramatization of

some familiar Christmas story. Most everyone knows and loves Henry Van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man."

The following is an example of how this story might be used by the church radio committee for a Christmas broadcast.

THE OTHER WISE MAN

MUSIC: VERY DRAMATIC

VOICE: The star! It is the sign!

NARRATOR: Tonight we bring you Henry Van Dyke's strangely
fascinating story of "The Other Wise Man."

MUSIC: FADE IN UNDER -- "BIRTHDAY OF THE KING"

NARRATOR: In the days when Herod reigned in Jerusalem,
there lived among the mountains of Persia, a
certain young man named Artaban. He was of the
ancient priesthood of the Magi, called the fire-
worshippers.

MUSIC: SWELL AND UNDER -- "BIRTHDAY OF THE KING"

NARRATOR: In the soft darkness of the night, all sounds
were hushed into silence. High above the trees
in Artaban's garden, a glow of light shone from
the upper chamber, where the master of the house
was holding council with his friends.

MUSIC: SWELL AND OUT

ARTABAN: Welcome, my friends. Welcome, Abdus; peace be
with you, Tigranes, and with you, Father Abgarus.

FRIENDS: Welcome to you, Artaban.

ARTABAN: This house grows bright tonight with the joy
of your presence.

SOUND: FIRE BURNING

TIGRANES: Your altar fire burns with an unusual brilliance.
Does it not speak to us of one who is light and
truth?

ARTABAN: You have come tonight at my request to renew your
worship and to rekindle your faith in the God of
purity--even as this fire has been rekindled on
the altar.

SOUND: FIRE BLAZING HIGHER. STAYS UNDER CHANT

VOICES: We worship the Spirit Divine,
A wisdom and goodness possessing,
Surrounded by holy immortals,
The giver of bounty and blessing.
We joy in the work of his hands,
His truth and his power confessing.

ARTABAN: Now hear me, my friends, while I tell thee
of new truth that has come to me through the
stars.

ABDUS: We all know that the highest of all learning
is in a knowledge of the stars.

TIGRANES: Foolish men keep always looking and waiting for a new revelation. But we know that darkness and light are in conflict and always shall be. Isn't that so, Artaban?

ARTABAN: No--that does not satisfy me. Our own books tell us that at the appointed time men will see the brightness of a great new light.

ABGARUS: That is true--every faithful disciple of Zoroaster knows the prophecy and carries the word in his heart.

ARTABAN: So listen to me--religion without a great hope would be like an altar without a living fire. Hear the words of this prophecy revealed to me, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter out of Israel."

TIGRANES: Bah!! The tribes of Israel are scattered through the mountains like lost sheep, and from the remnant that dwells in Judea under the yoke of Rome, neither star nor scepter shall arise.

ARTABAN: But it has been revealed to me and to my three companions among the Magi--Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.

TIGRANES: How has it been revealed?

ARTABAN: We have studied the sky, and in the spring of the year we saw two of the greatest stars near together in the sign of the Fish--which is the sign of the House of the Hebrews.

TIGRANES: Was that all?

ARTABAN: No. We also saw a new star there which shone just one night and then vanished.

ABDUS: What does all that have to do with our coming here tonight?

ARTABAN: Because now again the two great planets are meeting. This very night is the time of their conjunction.

TIGRANES: And what of that?

ARTABAN: Hear me! Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar are watching at the ancient Temple of the Seven Spheres in Babylon, and I will watch here. If the new star shines again tonight, they will wait ten days for me at the Temple, and then we will go together to Jerusalem to see and worship the promised one who shall be born King of Israel.

TIGRANES: Artaban, are you mad?

ARTABAN: I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey.

ABDUS: I hope you haven't done anything foolish.

ARTABAN: I've sold all of my possessions. My horse is saddled and waiting in her stall. And look-- I have bought these three jewels to carry as tribute to the King.

TIGRANES: A sapphire--as blue as a fragment of the night sky.

ABDUS: A ruby--redder than a ray of sunshine.

ABGARUS: And a pearl as pure as the peak of a snow mountain at twilight.

ARTABAN: I ask you to go with me on this pilgrimage that we may have the joy together of finding the Prince who is worthy to be served.

TIGRANES: Artaban, this is a wild, impossible enterprize. It comes from too much looking upon the stars. No king will ever rise from the broken race of Israel. Thou art a chaser of shadows! Farewell.

ABDUS: I have no knowledge of how such things can be, but the quest is not for me. If thou must follow

it, fare thee well.

ABGARUS: My son, it may be that the light of truth is in this sign, or it may be that it is only a shadow of the light and he who follows it will have only a long pilgrimage and an empty search.

ARTABAN: Then you will go with me?

ABGARUS: No. I am too old for this journey--but my heart shall be a companion of the pilgrimage night and day.

ARTABAN: Will you stay the night and watch with me from the terrace on the roof?

ABGARUS: Yes, my son. Draw the robe closely about thee. The night winds are cool.

ARTABAN: Jupiter and Saturn! Look how close they are together! Wait--that azure spark in the darkness beneath--oh, look--look--it grows brighter. It is bursting into a point of white flame. O Father Abgarus--it is the sign! It is the sign! The King is coming, and I will go to meet him.

MUSIC: SWELL AND HOLD. FADE UNDER SPEECH. "BIRTHDAY OF THE KING"

NARRATOR: How close is the comradeship between a man and

his favorite horse on a long journey. It is a silent, understanding friendship. They drink at the same wayside springs, and sleep under the same guardian stars. They are conscious together of the spell of nightfall and the quickening joy of daybreak. They move together as one--to conquer space--to devour the distance--to attain the goal of the journey.

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE OUT

SOUND: HOOF BEATS OF HORSE UNDER SPEECH

ARTABAN: On, Vasda--on into the night. Good Vasda! Thou art almost spent--the journey has been long and hard. Careful there, those crags are cruel. This night by midnight we must reach the Temple to meet our comrades. Just another three hours, Vasda, and we'll have rest and food. Steady now, and slow through the date grove. The light of the stars will guide us on. Vasda, what is it? What do you see? On, girl, we cannot halt now. Oh, a dark object in the road. It's a man. Still, Vasda--I must go to him.

SOUNDS: GROANS

ARTABAN: Ah, a poor dying Hebrew exile. I cannot wait to help! There is no time! Anyway, it makes no difference. He must surely be almost dead.

SOUND: GROANS

ARTABAN: Don't clutch at my robe! Don't hold me! I must go on to meet my companions.

HEBREW: Water! (GROANS)

ARTABAN: But why should I risk the great reward for the sake of a poor perishing Hebrew?

HEBREW: Have pity! (GROANS)

ARTABAN: God help me! Here, stranger, is water and healing herbs.

SOUND: GROANS

HEBREW: Who art thou, and why are you trying to restore my life?

ARTABAN: I am Artaban, the Median, and I am going to Jerusalem in search of one who is to be born King of the Jews.

HEBREW: May the God of Abraham and Isaac bless the journey of the merciful. But I pray thee tarry here a while.

ARTABAN: I cannot delay longer. The caravan may depart without me. But see--here is all I have left of bread and wine.

HEBREW: I have nothing to give thee in return, only this: I can tell thee where the Messiah must be sought.

ARTABAN: Is he not in Jerusalem?

HEBREW: Our prophets have said that he should be born in Bethlehem of Judah. May the Lord bring thee in safety to that place, because thou hast had pity upon the sick.

ARTABAN: And may the God of Purity watch over thee. Farewell.

SOUND: NEIGH OF HORSE. HOOF BEATS

ARTABAN: Go, Vasda, go. Just around the last hill and we will be there. Oh, let the caravan be waiting for me. Halt, Vasda, halt!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: But there was no sign of his companions. On a piece of parchment caught between some bricks, he read: "We have waited long past the midnight,

and can delay no longer. We go to find the king. Follow us across the desert." There was nothing left for Artaban but to return to Babylon and sell his sapphire to provide camels and provisions for the journey across the desert.

MUSIC: SWELL AND UNDER. "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

NARRATOR: Over the dreary desert, high upon the back of his camel, the other wise man moved steadily onward toward his goal. By day the fierce heat pressed its burden on the quivering air; by night the jackels prowled and barked in the distance; and the lion made the black ravines echo with his hollow roaring. Through heat and cold the Magian rode ever onward until he came at last to Bethlehem.

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE OUT. "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

NARRATOR: Eager to learn of his three friends, Artaban walks the quiet streets of the city. Hearing a mother singing to her babe, he stops to inquire.

SOUND: CHILD WHIMPERING--SINGING SNEAKS IN UNDER--WOMAN SINGING--"JEWISH LULLABY"

WOMAN: O, sir, how you startled me! Why, thou art of

the Magi.

ARTABAN: I have just come to Bethlehem. The streets seem deserted, and I heard you singing to the child. I must make inquiry of someone.

WOMAN: Thou art tired. Please rest a while. The baby will soon sleep, and I shall prepare food for thee.

ARTABAN: Tell me--have you seen wise men from the East in the village?

WOMAN: Oh, yes. And they left just three days ago. It was all very strange.

ARTABAN: Strange?

WOMAN: Yes. They said that a star had guided them to the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and her new born child.

ARTABAN: What more do you know?

WOMAN: The inn keeper said that the Magi bowed low and worshipped the child and gave him many rich gifts.

ARTABAN: Why did they not tarry in Bethlehem?

WOMAN: I do not know. They disappeared almost as

suddenly as they had come. We were all afraid at the strangeness of their visit.

ARTABAN: Forgive my haste, but I must go now to see this new born babe. I, too, have gifts--

WOMAN: Oh, but they aren't here. The man of Nazareth took the babe and his mother and fled away that same night secretly.

ARTABAN: Where did they go?

WOMAN: It was whispered that they were going far away to Egypt.

ARTABAN: And I have just missed him?!

WOMAN: Ever since they went, there seems to be a spell upon the village. Something evil hangs over it. I am much afraid.

ARTABAN: Why do you fear?

WOMAN: Because they say the Roman soldiers are coming from Jerusalem to force a new tax from us. Many of the men have hidden in the hills.

ARTABAN: Then that is why the streets are deserted.

WOMAN: Yes. I know thou art hungry. The food is

plain--not worthy of a Magi, but thou art most welcome.

ARTABAN: I am very grateful.

SOUND: BABY WHIMPERING

WOMAN: The child is restless. I'll quiet him while you eat.

MUSIC: WOMAN SINGS JEWISH LULLABY. CROSS FADES WITH SOUND.

SOUND: WILD CONFUSION. WAILING OF WOMEN. CLASHING OF SWORDS

WOMAN: (SCREAMS) They have come! The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children. Oh, my baby! My baby!

ARTABAN: Quick--cover him with this robe. Hide in the outer room. Don't let him make a sound.

SOUND: SCREAMS AND HURRYING OF SOLDIERS. NOISE COMES NEARER

SOLDIER: Halt! Look--there's a Magian standing in that doorway.

OTHER SOLDIER: What's the meaning of this. Shove him to one side.

SOLDIER: Wait! I don't like the look in his eyes. Let's pass the house by.

OTHER SOLDIER: No! He cannot frighten a Roman soldier. Aside, Magian, in the name of the Emperor of Rome.

ARTABAN: I am all alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace.

OTHER SOLDIER: Hmmm--A ruby! Like a great drop of blood! March on, men! There is no child here. The house is still.

SOUND: NOISE OF SOLDIERS PASSING ON DOWN THE STREET

ARTABAN: (TO HIMSELF) God of Truth, forgive my sin! Now two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King!

WOMAN: (WEEPING FOR JOY)
Thou hast saved the life of my little one. How can I ever repay thee? May the Lord bless and keep thee forever.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER--"COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE" FROM MESSIAH

NARRATOR: The years of Artaban passed swiftly as he moved

among the throngs of men in Egypt, seeking everywhere for traces of the holy family that had come down from Bethlehem. He looked into the face of the crouching Sphinx, but the calm eyes and smiling mouth gave no answer to the riddle. In bitter disappointment he turned to Alexandria--taking counsel with a Hebrew rabbi.

MUSIC: SWELL AND OUT--"COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE"

ARTABAN: Read again to me, Ben Ezra, from the roll.

BEN EZRA: What portion dost thou wish to hear?

ARTABAN: The prophecy which foretells the sufferings of the promised Messiah.

BEN EZRA: For he was despised and rejected of men--a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

ARTABAN: I have searched long and I want so much to find him.

BEN EZRA: This I know. The king whom you are seeking is not to be found in a palace nor among the rich and powerful.

ARTABAN: Do you think his kingdom will be of a new kind?

BEN EZRA: I do not know how peoples of the earth shall be

brought to acknowledge the Messiah and pay homage to Him. But this I do know--those who seek him will do well to look among the poor and the lowly, the sorrowful and the oppressed.

ARTABAN: I must go on, Ben Ezra. I believe the prophecy has been fulfilled. Surely--surely I shall find Him soon.

NARRATOR: He passed through countries where famine lay heavy upon the land--

VOICE: Bread! Bread! Give us bread!

ARTABAN: Tell me--have you seen the Messiah? The one who is born King of the Jews?

VOICE: No Messiah has delivered us. We are starving! We are oppressed! Bread! Bread!

ARTABAN: What I have I gladly give thee. Are you certain the King has not been here?

VOICE: Our people have forgotten Jehovah, the God of our fathers. They have turned to the worship of idols. We cannot hope for deliverance.

NARRATOR: He made his dwelling in plague-stricken cities where the sick were languishing in the bitter

companionship of helpless misery.

VOICE: Magian, have pity! Art thou not a Parthian Jew and skilled in the art of healing?

ARTABAN: My skill has been forgotten in my quest for the holy one of Israel. Tell me--has the King passed this way?

VOICE: We lie at the gate of the city--neglected and dying. No King has come our way!

ARTABAN: God have mercy on you! Here--let me give you to drink and bathe your wretched body.

VOICE: You have healing herbs?

ARTABAN: Yes. And my skill--I feel delight in ministering to your sick body. Strange, but for a time I almost forgot. I must go now to find the King.

NARRATOR: Artaban visited the oppressed and the afflicted in the gloom of subterranean prisons--

SOUND: CLANK OF CHAINS AND GROANS OF PRISONERS

VOICE: Water! Water! Wise man! Bring us water!

SECOND VOICE: Tell us again of the Deliverer. When will he come!

ARTABAN: I have not found Him--but He will come. Of that I am certain. Here is water.

VOICE: Thou dost bring the only touch of pity we know.

OTHER VOICE: The chains are less cruel because of thy mercy.

ARTABAN: Pray to the God of your fathers. The Messiah will come.

NARRATOR: It seemed almost as if he had forgotten his quest. But one day he stood alone at sunrise waiting at the gate of a Roman prison. He had taken from a secret hiding place the pearl--the last of his jewels.

ARTABAN: (TO HIMSELF) My pearl--the only gift I have left for the King.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER SPEECH--"COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE"

ARTABAN: I am old and weary of the quest, and my heart is heavy. I must find the King and present my last gift before death overtakes me.

MUSIC: FADE INTO MUSIC FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION"--STAY UNDER

NARRATOR: Three and thirty years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he was still looking for the King. He had come again to the city of

Jerusalem. It was the season of the Passover, and the city was thronged with strangers. There was a confusion of tongues in the narrow streets, and currents of excitement seemed to flash through the crowd.

SOUND: CLATTER OF SANDALS ON STONE STREETS. SENSE OF
MOVEMENT

ARTABAN: Wait, stranger. I, too, am a Parthian Jew like thyself. Tell me--what is the meaning of this tumult? Why is the crowd being swept like a tide toward the Damascus gate?

JEW: Have you not heard what is happening?

ARTABAN: I have heard nothing--but the very sky seems veiled with the portent of gloom.

JEW: Yes, 'tis true. We are going to the place called Golgatha outside the city walls where there is to be an execution.

ARTABAN: Is some murderer being put to death for his crime?

JEW: No. Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another called Jesus of Nazareth.

ARTABAN: And what did this Jesus of Nazareth do?

JEW: He is guilty of no crime. He has done many wonderful works among the people, and they all love him greatly.

ARTABAN: Then why is he being crucified?

JEW: The priests and the elders have said that he must die because he gave himself out to be the Son of God.

ARTABAN: Son of God?

JEW: Yes. And Pilot has sent him to the cross because he said he was the King of the Jews.

ARTABAN: Son of God--King of the Jews! Where was this Jesus born?

JEW: They say he was born in Bethlehem about thirty-three years ago--at the time of the appearance of the strange new star--Wait! Thou art pale and thy footsteps falter--thou are much too old to follow--

ARTABAN: Go on. Join thy kinspeople. My heart beats unsteadily and I tremble, but I shall follow.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES FADE OUT

ARTABAN: (TO HIMSELF) The ways of God are stranger than

the thoughts of men. It may be that I shall find the King at last--in the hands of his enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for his ransom before he dies.

SOUND: GIRL SCREAMING. YELLING OF SOLDIERS. RUNNING FEET

GIRL: Oh, wise man--don't let the soldiers take me! Have pity on me! Save me for the sake of the God of Purity.

ARTABAN: Who art thou, child?

GIRL: I am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. Don't let them harm me!

SOLDIER: This girl is to be sold as a slave for her father's debts.

ARTABAN: Wait, don't touch her!

SOLDIER: I see thou art a Parthian Jew. Would'st thou bargain for this daughter of a merchant of thy own country?

GIRL: O, save me, sir, from a fate that is worse than death.

SOLDIER: Come on, girl. The old Jew hesitates. See, he

is trembling from head to foot. The sky grows dark with an approaching storm, and there is no time to lose. But look--what is that in thy hand? A pearl! Why--it's luminous--radiant--a perfect gem.

ARTABAN: Here--it is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I had for the King.

SOUND: CRASH OF THUNDER. FALLING STONES. SCREAMS OF SOLDIERS. FLEEING FOOTSTEPS

GIRL: (SCREAMS) Oh, Magian--that tile struck you--your head--it is bleeding--speak to me! Thou must not die! (SOBS)

MUSIC: FAINT AND FAR OFF. BLEND WITH VOICE COMING FAINTLY THROUGH FILTER MIKE. "O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL"

VOICE: For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in.

GIRL: His lips are moving--he is saying something--Magian!

ARTABAN: Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee sick or in prison

and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face nor ministered to thee, my King.

VOICE: Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me.

GIRL: Magian, thou art smiling. Thy face is radiant with wonder and joy.

ARTABAN: (HALTING SPEECH) My journey is ended--my treasures have been accepted--I have found the King.

MUSIC: SWELL AND CONTINUE FOR A MOMENT. "O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL"

CHAPTER IX

RELIGIOUS RADIO AND SIGNIFICANT WORLD EVENTS

As history is made, a great and moving drama is being spread before us. Stories of pathos, heroism, sacrifice, and devotion pass by almost unnoticed. And yet, many of these world-shaking events are vibrant with religious significance. Religious education, if worthy of the name, concerns itself with life here and now. It identifies itself with the cry of the needy, the voice of public opinion, the heart throbs of humanity.

Since this study centers around radio, let it be said that in the field of significant world events, religious radio has a noteworthy place to fill. Miss Gail Potter, head of the radio division of Florida Southern College, has shown in an original script how a news story may be made into a drama with deep religious implications. Here is the script as Miss Potter has written it.¹

¹ Permission to copy the script was obtained from the author.

EDITH CAVELL

MUSIC: (MINOR KEY WITH PATHOS) UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: During this last war women responded from all over the world to this great call to duty. They filled men's posts in shops, in offices, and in the fields--but there is one place--where the touch of a woman's hand is needed most of all--and that is for nursing the sick and wounded. Today we bring to you one of the greatest chapters of peace or war--the prison scene of the war nurse--Edith Cavell--who gave the supreme sacrifice for her country--

MUSIC: (WITH PATHOS--UP AND FADE SOFTLY UNDER FOR BG)

NARRATOR: The scene--is a prison in Belgium--in 1915--Edith Cavell--is arrested as a spy and is being questioned by her captor--a German officer.

MUSIC: (FADES OUT)

OFFICER: Edith Cavell--you are accused of being a spy--and will receive a spy's punishment--you are condemned to die.

EDITH CAVELL: But you know--and they know--I'm not a spy--

OFFICER: You are to receive the penalty before a firing squad.

EDITH: How can you be so brutal--for I have nursed and cared for your sick and wounded the same as for ours--will you tell me the date--

OFFICER: Tomorrow--tomorrow at dawn--

EDITH: Then--then if I'm to die tomorrow--let my nurses in to see me--I must see them before I die--they have been coming here for the ten weeks you have had me in prison--and you would not let them in.

OFFICER: No--not one of them can come in to see you--for they'd whine and lie--no, your nurses must not visit you.

EDITH: You're not so much afraid that they'll whine and lie--but you are afraid that they'll spread reports about you Germans and about your horrible crimes--Then if you won't let my nurses in--please go away--and let me alone--so I can write some letters of farewell.

OFFICER: Edith Cavell--listen to me--not one single letter leaves this prison--not one--do you

understand that?

EDITH: Not even a letter to my mother--surely you can't be so cruel--

OFFICER: Not even a letter to your mother--there must be no fuss made of this--it is entirely an official matter--and the less said about it the better--

EDITH: You are a heartless cruel man--and you have lied to all of my friends--lied and told them--even promised them that there would be no execution--no firing squad--

OFFICER: I told your friends that--just to keep them quiet--they were making too much fuss about your being in prison.

EDITH: O, can't you see that my death--will do more harm to you and your cause--than if you let me live--

OFFICER: How do you explain that, Edith Cavell?

EDITH: Alive--I'm just another nurse--just Edith Cavell--going my rounds of the hospitals--I'm unknown--but when I'm dead--when you secretly have me shot at dawn--then the whole world will know me--

then everyone will be full of revenge for what you have done.

OFFICER: There may be some truth in what you say--I shall go and consult the other officers--we may find another plan--some other way--

SOUND: (OFFICER'S FOOTSTEPS--DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MUSIC: (SOFT--TENDER--WITH PATHOS--USE AS BG)

EDITH: O, it is so good to be alive--to have time to think things out--I'm so sick at heart--ten weeks of rain--and in prison--I'm so homesick for the sun--how I'd love to be home in England--to see an English spring again--but when it's spring in England, why I'll be--I'll be--(FADE)

MUSIC: (SOFT BUT UP FULL--THEN SOFT--USE AS BG)

EDITH: Why, here's my mother's Bible--how did they ever happen to leave that with me--they have taken almost everything from me--my mother always marked her favorite Bible passages--"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED--BELIEVE ON ME"--How often my mother read that passage to me when I was troubled--and will I never see my father again--my dear kind father who taught me to

pray--I can see him in his pulpit--how his congregation loved him.

FATHER: (FILTER MIKE) FOR THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOUGH SHARES--AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING HOOKS--

EDITH: O God, be swift--to make that promise true--strip these mad creatures of their ghastly power of murder and destruction--and send peace upon the earth--

MUSIC: (SAD--FULL--MINOR--STILL BG)

EDITH: O, God, they are taking my life so soon--I'm needed here so much--there are so few nurses and so much sickness--I had pledged myself to do so much--and now I'm being cut off from the world. God, can I serve the best in silence--in the grave--

MUSIC: (SOFT FULL AND OUT)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS--DOOR CLOSES--FOOTSTEPS

OFFICER: Well--I have some good news for you--

EDITH: Good news?

OFFICER: Yes--I have been talking with the other officers--

and we have all agreed to commute your sentence
if--if--

EDITH: If what?

OFFICER: If you will do a little favor for us.

EDITH: Don't waste words--tell me what you mean.

OFFICER: If you will give us the seven names which we
want--

EDITH: We've been over all of that before--and you
know I will not tell you a single name--

OFFICER: All right then--I'll search your cell--and I'll
find the names for myself--

EDITH: Search the cell--go ahead--you won't find any
names nor messages--not a single line--

OFFICER: All right--if necessary--I'll force you to give
me the names--

EDITH: What are you going to do--

OFFICER: I'll tear and burn all of your belongings if
you will not give me the names--and I may have
to force you further--if you refuse--

EDITH: I will never give you the names--no matter

what you do--

OFFICER: All right, we'll see--we'll see--

EDITH: Stop--stand back, I say--I'm not afraid of you--
I'm not afraid of any of you--you cowards and
bullies who make war on women and children--

OFFICER: Look here, Edith Cavell--you're in my power--
I could torture you--and I may have to resort
to some unpleasant means--if--

EDITH: Yes, I know I am in your power--I am helpless--
but you don't dare torture me--for if you did--
my friends are too close--the secret of your
cruelty would leak out--and then it would be
very bad for you. I wonder, General--if you
Germans will ever see the light--if you will
ever learn what is right and just and merciful--

OFFICER: All right, if you refuse to give me the names--
we have decided that you are to meet the firing
squad--at dawn--remember you had a chance--

EDITH: Yes--I had a chance to send innocent men to
death--and I refuse--

OFFICER: All right--I shall tell the other officers of
your decision.

EDITH: All right--go ahead and tell them--and tell them, too--THAT I'M NOT A TRAITOR TO ENGLAND--

MUSIC: (SAD--FULL--UP--KEEP SOFT AND UNDER AS BG)

EDITH: So I'm to die--tomorrow at dawn--but I'm not afraid--I'm not afraid of death--He was with me often in the hospital--sometimes He wears a very gentle face--Death was kind to many young soldiers --as they went down into the valley of the shadow --as they gave their lives for their country--

MUSIC: (PLAINTIVE--SOFT--SAD AND PATHETIC--USE AS BG)

EDITH: When I was a child and afraid--my mother often read to me the Twenty-third Psalm--

MOTHER: (FILTER MIKE) (FADE IN WITH MUSIC)

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil--for Thou art with me--Thy rod and Thy staff (FADE)

MUSIC: UP--SOFT--FULL--FADE UNDER--USE AS BG

EDITH: My last entry in my diary--I hope they will send this to my mother--DIED AT THE BREAK OF DAY, OCTOBER 12--IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD--EDITH CAVELL-- I wish I could leave one last message with the

world--standing as I do so close to eternity--
PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH--WE MUST CLEANSE OUR
HEARTS OF ALL BITTERNESS--EVERY BIT OF HATRED--
RANCOR AND GREED MUST BE WIPED AWAY--IF WE ARE
GOING TO HAVE PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL
TOWARD MEN--FOR LIFE IS LOVE--AND LOVE IS LIFE--

MUSIC: (CHORUS SINGING--ABIDE WITH ME--FADE UNDER
SPEECH--OUT)

NARRATOR: So came the tragic close of the life of Edith
Cavell, the English nurse, who made the supreme
sacrifice for her country.

CHAPTER X

RELIGIOUS RADIO LOOKS AHEAD

I. TELEVISION

We can expect by the end of the winter of 1946-47 to have television service in fifteen to twenty of the largest cities of the country and in the suburban areas immediately adjacent to these cities.

No one can do more than guess at the rapidity with which this expansion of television will come. Most leaders of the industry believe that by 1950 television service will be available to not less than 60 per cent of all American homes.¹

Both educational leaders and authorities on television agree that this revolutionary new medium of communication will have a tremendous effect on the general educational standards of our people. It promises to have the same far-reaching effects on our civilization as the newspaper, the radio, or the motion picture. Within a year or two television programs will be received every day in a million American homes. A million different families will have the opportunity to follow the development and growth of television almost from its be-

¹ Bulletin No. A-3, Public Service Division, American Broadcasting Company, New York.

ginning, as a national agency of information and entertainment. And if the experience of radio can be taken as a guide, it will be only a matter of a few years until the number of television homes will have increased to five million, ten million, and, ultimately, twenty or thirty million. Television promises to be one of the most important agencies in American national life.

It is to be hoped the church will see the possibilities of broadening its educational outlook by letting television present the pageantry of great religious spectacles.

E. Jerry Walker of International Radio productions is pioneering in this field. For example, the story of "Judy," first told in an editorial in the Christian Advocate, was used for a television show. Three scenes--one in a church with glass windows, altar, cross, and candles; another in a breakfast nook; and the third in the out of doors of the South Sea Islands--provided the setting for the television show. For people throughout Chicago-land, cameras recorded the drama describing Judy's way of serving after her brother was killed in action.

The cast included thirteen-year-old Judy, her father, mother, brother, the young people's choir of the First Methodist Church, Evanston, Illinois, and girls from Northwestern University, who presented interpretative tableaux. Reviewers from national periodicals, representatives of film companies,

and many others interested in religious television watched the action of the show, which concluded with religious music and a close-up of the cross flanked by candles.

Mr. Walker also produced a Christmas program last year. On V-J Day he gave the only religious program broadcast by television in Chicago.

"The time to act is now," says Mr. Walker. "From the length of time it has taken the church to wake up to the value of radio, I trust we should begin now to stress the value of television. It can be a great medium for Christian education."²

II. CONCLUSION

In this rapidly shifting, ever moving age, nothing is static--not even our religion. Foolish the church that tries to "sit tight," clinging to the old, worn-out methods of teaching religion, while the schools and other community agencies race on ahead, taking advantage of the new and the experimental. The church is now years behind in its scientific approach to the God-given task of bringing to reality the Kingdom of God on earth. It must hurry to inject new life into its program, or else sit quietly by and watch its influence die. "The most permanent thing that remains in our world is the fact of perpetual change." "All is flux and an ever flowing river

² Adeline Johnson, "Radio and Television Serve Christian Education," The Christian Advocate, October 18, 1945.

in which no man can bathe twice in the same running water."³
It is time for the church to rise from its lethargy, meet the challenge of the present day, and move along to wider fields of service.

"And no one pours new wine into old wine-skins; or if he does, the wine bursts the skins, and the wine is lost, and the skins too. New wine has to be put into fresh skins."⁴

³ Shirley Jackson Case, Christianity in a Changing World (New York, London: Harper and Brothers Publishing Company), pp. 1-2.

⁴ Mark 2:22.

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